THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 16, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

Adventures in Advertising—By Robert Barr

I Think "Young's" TOLEDO, O. Dresser Trunk is just Ideal

We Sell Direct from Factory

Write to us for our catalogue of these new up-to-date Trunks and we will quote you "Factory Prices" and make prompt shipment of any Trunk selected. They have smooth sliding drawers. **No rummaging for clothing.** All articles kept in their proper places. Bottom just as accessible as the top. Finest, strongest and best. **Cost no more than others.** Returnable if not satisfactory. Ask for catalogue A-1007.

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You can hear, right on your porch among the cooling breezes, the bands, orchestras, songs and entertainment, that thousands of people flock to hear in crowded resorts.

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We also have language records by which, with a *Victor*, you can learn languages at home.

Send for catalogue of
Victor Talking Machine and Records

Victor Talking Machine Company
Philadelphia

The original makers of the Gram-O-phone.

SYSTEM OF SOLID SUCCESS

Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship

Do It in July

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Proprietors, Managers, Business-men everywhere, both employers and employes, are welcoming with open arms, this new Science. It is a logical arrangement of the natural laws of success in selling things. Master it and you will know yourself better. You will be able to read human nature quickly. You will be able to scientifically analyze whatever you are selling, and so arrange the selling features that they will naturally appeal to the human mind. You will be able to command attention, arouse interest, create desire and bring about in the mind of the customer, a resolve to buy.

The profession of salesmanship is the greatest profession in the world from the standpoint of possibilities. Our merchant princes and captains of industry are but salesmen on the highest round of the ladder. They practice consciously or unconsciously, the natural laws of success.

The Science of Salesmanship is a logical, sensible, practical arrangement of these natural laws of success, which govern permanent and increasing success. Study these laws, work in harmony with them and success of the highest order comes as a natural consequence. The Hon. John V. Farwell is recognized as one of the world's greatest merchants. Note what he has to say concerning our institution:

A. F. Sheldon, Esq., Chicago, July 11th, 1903.

Dear Sir: Allow me to congratulate you as the originator of the School of Scientific Salesmanship—because of its relations to both the merchants and salesmen—your experience as well as your observation must have been the motive force for its establishment, and, therefore, its success is the best possible endorsement of your judgment in so doing. The present method of selling goods on the road demands just what your school can give. Quite recently a traveling salesman said to me that he had tripled his sales as the result of your instructions in the science of selling goods. Both the merchant and salesman should appreciate your work. Yours respectfully, (Signed) JOHN V. FARWELL.

Our instructions are all by correspondence. We have students all over the world. You can master the course in leisure hours, at home or on the road.

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S. S. of S. S., 1062 McClurg Building, Chicago

POPE Waverley ELECTRICS

The above illustration is made from an actual photograph of Pope-Waverley Model No. 22 with top, price $900. Same without top $850. This carriage is unquestionably the most popular and stylish about town automobile in the world. Pope-Waverley Electrics are absolutely noiseless, odorless, clean, safe and reliable, and as simple to operate as turning on an electric light.

We also make Surreys, Stanhopes, Chelseas, Special Physicians Road and Delivery Wagons. Complete 1904 catalogue with address of our depot in your vicinity on request.

POPE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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Adventures in Advertising

'Tis Money Talks When Mr. End-Man Demand Meets Mr. End-Man Supply, But Mr. Interlocutor the Advertising Agent Gives the Introduction

BY ROBERT BARR

WHEN Demand meets Supply they shake hands and have a good time. Such great friends do they become that the man who introduces Supply to Demand always makes money, being generally liberally paid by both parties. Advertisement is usually the genial introducer of Supply to Demand.

One day, some years ago, I was walking down Broadway, New York, when I stopped in front of a bookstore. An imposing row of huge volumes met my eye. They were books I wanted, and the set was marked down to twenty-five dollars. For the moment Demand and Supply had met, only to be cruelly separated by legal enactment.

"Are you making any money selling those volumes at twenty-five dollars?" I asked the proprietor of the shop.

"Oh, we still live, as Daniel Webster remarked," answered the bookseller with a smile. "Of course, we don't make a fortune on each set, but the demand is great. Much as I value these volumes, they are yours for twenty-five dollars."

"I was going to make you a better offer than that," I replied. "I'll give you double the money if you'll deliver the volumes at my house."

"Where is your house?" he asked with caution.

"Seventeen miles south of London, in England."

The man laughed.

"You have me there," he said. "I'll deliver them to you for fifty dollars in Madrid, or Rome, or Peking, or Tokyo, or almost anywhere else, but the Encyclopædia Britannica is copyright in England, as, of course, you know, so we don't guarantee delivery over there. Still, I sell a good many sets to English people, and, so far as I am aware, they have no trouble in importing them at the bottom of a trunk. Customs examination at Liverpool and Southampton is very slight. I'll give you ten per cent. off for cash if you like to try it."

This was tempting, but I declined the offer.

The Conquest of the London Times

AN ENTERPRISING American—I am not even sure what his name is, for it has never appeared in the huge transactions which followed his invasion of England—guessed or learned that there was a large unsatisfied demand for the Encyclopædia Britannica in England. The Encyclopædia was published in London by a first-class firm, but its price was so considerable that sets were bought only by wealthy men, clubs and literary or scientific institutions. The ninth edition had been on the market for some years, and, although its early volumes were rather out of date, it was still the largest, best and most comprehensive mass of information then extant. The sale of the Encyclopædia Britannica had dwindled, and there was nothing bound in leather that was quite so dead as those twenty-five volumes. They were as defunct as Queen Anne, and this enterprising American knew it when he set to himself the supposedly impossible task of raising the dead.

No one knew better than the publishers of this gigantic work that it had departed this life, so I imagine the American had little difficulty in coming to terms with the owners of the copyright. The American's name was unknown in England and carried no weight whatever. He therefore determined to obtain the backing of some institution that all Englishmen respected. There are several institutions of this kind, such, for instance, as the London Times and the Bank of England, and of these two the one which comes into touch most intimately with Englishmen is, of course, the Times. Great monarchs and strong governments have before now endeavored to enlist the coöperation of the Times, and have failed. You have only to read the reminiscences of De Blowitz, which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, to realize the power of the Times, even outside of its own land. For an unknown American, therefore, to succeed where the strenuous and victorious Bismarck had failed is one of the greatest accomplishments of diplomacy that I know of. As told to me, on what I regard as reasonably good authority, although, of course, I cannot vouch for its strict accuracy, the story of the interview between the American and the representative of the Times is not without an element of comedy. The Times was caught in the net at the very moment when it imagined it was stepping clear of the snare so politely placed before it.

A man who promises unlimited advertising, not counted by the line, but by the page, who asks no discount, and guarantees prompt payment, is received with respect even by the proprietor of the most prosperous journal. All these things the American promised, but when he asked for the active coöperation of the Times, the use of its name in guaranteeing the genuineness of the article he had to sell, objection was at once raised that the Times published a newspaper, but was not in the book trade. The American pointed out that the Times actually was in the book trade, as it issued at a price an atlas of its own. The proprietor held that this was a different matter altogether, while the American maintained that it was an excellent precedent. Now, the representative of the Times wished to get his share of the profuse advertising in prospect, but he did not want his paper to enter into any speculative coöperation with a stranger, even though he were assured that no liability attached to the journal. He did not care to offend so lavish an advertiser by a blunt refusal, and he imagined he saw a way of gracefully retiring from the situation without precisely saying "no" with brutal definiteness. There is nothing an Englishman so much objects to, and quite rightly, as to go security for another person, and this was the line of retreat which suggested itself to the newspaper man: He would ask for sureties to an enormous amount, and even if those unexpectedly could be furnished the Times still might object to the American's backers.

"We could not enter into such an arrangement," said the Englishman, "unless you furnished sureties acceptable to us for the amount of at least £60,000."

This, roughly speaking, was $300,000, and any man you happen to meet on the street is not exactly prepared to stand the brunt of such a substantial indemnity.

The American, however, presented no names for the Times to choose from. He took a checkbook from his pocket, wrote a check for £60,000, and placed it on the table. I understand he asked no receipt, made no conditions, but simply rose, thanked his host for having received him, and ended the conference as if there were nothing more to be said—and, indeed, there was not. He had complied exactly with the conditions, and there was the cash: the first of many checks to pass between them. I am told he quitted the room leaving a speechless, dumfounded man gazing at a bit of paper on which were inscribed the words: "Sixty thousand pounds." The Times had not definitely stated it would go into partnership with him, but it had made a condition now fulfilled, and there was consequently an implied promise. It is to the credit of the Times that no attempt was made to evade its unspoken obligation, and this set of books produced within a short period of time upward of $5,000,000 in good red gold.

A Happy Fourth of July for England

SEVERAL mutually advantageous projects have since been carried on by the American and the Times, and his latest scheme is one to place the Times itself in the position occupied by an American periodical with a large subscription list. This feat has hitherto been deemed impossible in England, because of its antiquated postal laws. A daily or a weekly newspaper is allowed to circulate over the country for seven days after publication at the rate of one cent a copy, no matter what its weight may be. Magazines and periodicals published once a month must pay the full book rate: one cent for two ounces. For years publishers have struggled to get the Post-Office Department to adopt the American system of a cent a pound, which would be fair to all parties, but the Post-Office has steadily refused. It is the genial custom of the British Government to place the biggest blockhead it can find at the head of the Post-Office Department. The stupider a man is, the more impervious he is to reason, and the reasonableness of the American rate is too pronounced to be adopted in England for years to come. Within the memory of man there has been only one Postmaster-General with brains, some people think, and he was a blind man named Fawcett. Many improvements were introduced during his reign.

"Unfortunately, I am blind, you know," he used to say with a winning smile when objection was made to any departure from the old customs, "and so I cannot see your point. Let us make the change and see what will happen."

The Times has just offered to supply subscribers with the paper for one year if a check for fifteen dollars is sent to it in advance. The price used to be twenty dollars; single copies cost six cents, and that remains unchanged. All other dailies in England are either two cents or one cent a copy, with an extra cent for postage if the paper is sent by mail.

As soon as I saw the Times' announcement I forwarded my check for fifteen dollars. I thought I was the first man in when the doors were opened, but I found my receipt numbered a trifle over four thousand: therefore a few thousand people must have squeezed in ahead of me. As Doctor Johnson and Richard Savage, both drunk and entirely penniless, raised their hands to Heaven as they stood at midnight in St. James' Square, and swore they would never desert England, I, being sober, wrote to the Times that I would stand by it for a year, and here was the check, whereupon I promptly received a receipt for the money and thanks for the promise. Perhaps the thanks were for the money also: it was not specified; the receipt merely said, "With thanks."

When my fifteen dollars fell into the trousers pocket of the Times it found $60,000 already there, and this at the very beginning of the scrimmage. What was the total when July the fourth was reached? It was probably close upon five millions. The Times will receive two benefits from this clever scheme. It will have in its bank account the year's subscription for several hundred thousand copies, and this before it begins to deliver the goods. The second advantage is that the trouble with unsold copies is strictly limited. The young man who promulgated this scheme deserves, and hereby receives, my cordial commendation.

I wonder why he chose the fourth of July as the date for its inauguration? That is the anniversary of a time when England, by mismanagement which has never been equaled, either in the present century or the last, lost a continent. Perhaps this was a joke on the part of the American man who is doing the Times' advertising, even though he does not appear in the matter. An Englishman might have chosen June the fifteenth, as that is the anniversary of the date when England secured liberty for the world by forcing the signing of the Magna Charta. This curious coincidence occurs with regard to the above dates. William O. McDowell, LL. D., of New York, inaugurated the "Who's Who" society on June the fifteenth, while the leading English newspaper inaugurated its new subscription list on July the fourth.

Distinguished Readers of Advertisements

WE ALL rejoice in the welfare of the Times, of course, but it is not for that purpose that I ask particular attention to the project and the way it is being carried out. It is an immense and much-needed object lesson to the British public in the art of sensible advertising. Every page taken in the papers is a sane and interesting appeal to sensible men, done in reading type. England is far behind France or Germany in the art of pictorial posters, and immeasurably to the rear of America in every art of advertising. Gladstone always preferred the American copies of American magazines to the English editions of the same, because the former contained American advertisements.

"Don't you dare to send me your magazine with the advertisements left out," wrote Rudyard Kipling a short time ago to a prominent New York publisher. The New York publisher seemed to have flattered himself that the body of his magazine was more important than his advertising pages. Of course, this is not the case. The most lavishly paid writers in the United States to-day are not the authors of stories, but the originators of advertisements. Anybody can write a story, and mostly everybody does, but it takes a genius to compile an advertisement.

Seymour Eaton is a man of genius. Last year he wrote a short story which is probably the strongest piece of work of its kind that has been produced this decade. This was done at odd moments, merely as a side issue and for recreation, because his serious work in life is the writing of advertisements. His vast business is managed by others, under his general direction, of course, but the advertising department is too vital to be trusted to any one's brain but his own. He paid a flying visit to England a short time since, but, being a very busy man, could not spare more than a week or thereabouts for Europe. He seemed to think that as the world was created in six days that length of time was ample to see a very small portion of it. In talking about the matter of publicity he said to me:

"An advertisement should be news just as much as a cable dispatch from the seat of war."

He was told by wiseacres that his style of advertising might be all right for America, but it was no good in Great Britain.

"I can't argue about that," said Mr. Eaton, "because I don't know. I arrived yesterday, and I sail back next Tuesday, but in the interval I'll find out."

"You may ask So-and-so, and So-and-so, and So-and-so," said the wiseacres, naming prominent men who are supposed to know.

"I sha'n't trouble them," said Mr. Eaton; "I'll ask the British public." Thereupon he tossed off an advertisement that cost him $500 to print. The result was that the Post-Office Department was compelled to put three extra postmen on his beat, and before five days had passed more than $6000 in cold cash had poured in upon him.

"That's the answer," he said. "The old country isn't dead yet," and so he sailed away and left us.

I have given the Times man and Mr. Seymour Eaton as examples of brains applied to publicity; I now present an instance of the other sort of thing, and quote an advertisement that appeared the other day under the singularly inappropriate heading of "Common-Sense." The "Common-Sense" runs as follows:

"It is impossible to continue the high quality we now give in McStagger's Scotch whisky, and at the same time advertise extensively. We therefore prefer continuing to give quality. Those who like value will support us, and ask for McStagger's whisky. The careless man will take any brand that is put before him, or whatever is most loudly advertised."

The writer of this probably does not intend to pay a warm tribute to loud advertising, but that is what he actually accomplishes. It is uncommon nonsense to say that because you give quality you cannot advertise. Quality and advertising form the team that draws a man to great and permanent success. Indeed, advertising is such a powerful horse that it may drag you to success even though quality is absent altogether, as was shown some years ago in an Irish whisky that was advertised extensively all over the world. It was poor stuff, concocted by an innkeeper who thought that by blending various inferior brands he could produce a combination to the public liking, and this at first seemed to be the case. In the beginning he did not own a distillery, although after a few years of loud advertising, as McStagger would call it, he had money enough to buy almost any distillery in the country. This poor stuff, however, ultimately had the effect of lowering the name of Irish whisky, and thus giving Scotch whisky its innings, although some of the best whisky in the world is made in Ireland. But before this sad result was accomplished the advertising promoters of the inferior stuff were immensely wealthy. I have no doubt McStagger's whisky is exceedingly good, but the better it is the bigger the fortune that awaits him through extensive advertising. McStagger might learn something by perusing a brief advertisement which a periodical with a very large circulation and exorbitant rates for advertising prints of itself. It says:

"If you think your business will not permit you to advertise, then sell it, and let a more enterprising man take your place. You are merely standing in his way. If you wish us to advertise your goods it will cost you ten dollars a line, but if you imagine you can't afford that we will for nothing advertise your business for sale, so that a more competent person may take your place."

The foregoing, of course, is all very well, but those who know most about advertising are well aware that money may easily be lost in the attempt to secure a paying reputation. Sometimes the line between a considerable loss and great profit is a very thin one. The advertiser who plunges is rather in the case of the man who had the tiger by the tail and didn't know whether to hang on or let go. Here is the story of my friend, Peregrine Smithers, the distinguished originator of Carrot Syrup. His gaunt, haggard face rises up before me as I write, and it always recalls that anecdote about the comedian. You remember it. A melancholy individual comes to a celebrated doctor, and is advised to go and see Bangs, the humorist, in his new comedy. "Alas," he replied, "I am Bangs."

Carrot Syrup, as every one knows, is an infallible cure for any stomach trouble. Peregrine Smithers, its proprietor, was a martyr to acute and chronic dyspepsia. He lived in a palace in England, and he kept a French chef, but never dared touch any of that inspired man's confections. His cellars were stocked with the finest wines, not one drop of which he was allowed to taste. He existed on a little dry toast, and drank nothing but milk diluted by a German natural mineral water. Even pure milk was too strong for him, and all the newspapers of the world were proclaiming that when the doctors gave you up you should try Carrot Syrup. When he was young and poor he could not afford good living, and now that he was middle-aged and rich he dared not touch anything that he yearned for in the early days. It was a pathetic case, with the comic element in it that he was the proprietor of a world-renowned medicine guaranteed to cure his own trouble. At the time I knew him he lived in England because the climate of America was too stimulating for his nerves. He had formed his business into limited companies on both sides of the water, and now, although he took no personal interest in it, wealth descended on him like an avalanche.

The Sad Story of the Dyspeptic Millionaire

IT SEEMED almost a cruel thing to sit at Smithers' lavish board and eat and drink while he munched toast, but I think the man took a sombre pleasure in seeing others do justice to his incomparable chef and the notable champagne, just as an ordinary person watches an acrobat do things on a trapeze that he dare not attempt. At any rate, Smithers, fixing his gloomy eyes upon me as I sat at his table, told me the story of the beginning of his wealth and dyspepsia. This cure-all of his cost about half a cent to produce, and was to sell at fifty cents a bottle. Whether it did any good is doubtful, but at least it did no harm, and that is something in its favor when you remember a patent medicine is referred to.

He made it in a barn, and for a year peddled it around among the farmers, who maintained that they obtained great benefit from its absorption, perhaps because he put such a price on it. It occurred to him that if he could only advertise he might make a fortune, but he had neither credit nor money. He possessed, however, those two melancholy eyes I have mentioned, and they seemed sombrely lighted with hypnotic rays. You always believed what Smithers said when those eyes were upon you. He got an introduction to a Philadelphia capitalist, turned the eyes upon him, and inspired him with belief in the future of Carrot Syrup: a belief which took the tangible form of $100,000. Peregrine Smithers then sought out the most able advertising agent in the country, and so convincing were those two eyes of his that the agent took an extensive order without asking for a check in advance. When about $5000 were expended the agent began to get anxious, and sent in his bill, which was promptly paid. He did not become uneasy again until the account exceeded $30,000, but once more the sum was paid on demand. Peregrine, in his new factory, had filled thousands of fifty-cent bottles and had packed them away in wooden cases ready for transport when the advertising should begin to take effect. He had been so busy at this that he did not realize his position until the hundred thousand dollars

MARGERY

By Hermine Schwed

Margery dwells in a dingy lane
Where the ruts are choked with clover;
Not with its larger purple kin—
Dusty without and scentless within—
But creamy blooms in cups of green,
Honey-drenched, and fair and clean:
Margery—over and over.

In the dusty lane are trampling feet,
And the frailer blossoms cower.
But the clover, bent to its utmost length,
Comes swinging back with a fragrant strength.
And the creamy bloom in its cup of green
Remains unsmirched, and fair and clean.
It is Margery's sister-flower.

were expended and not a single order for Carrot Syrup had come in. As he faced this crisis shivering fear came over him, and he got a twinge in his inside which was a forerunner of many that were to follow. He dared not go to his capitalist and recount the failure of all his predictions; but, meanwhile, his credit was established. Agents were clamoring for orders, more than willing to cut percentages to get them. Every newspaper in the country was anxious to secure the Carrot Syrup advertisement. His own particular agent thought his reluctance to renew was due to the immense amount of business he was doing, for the factory was filled from cellar to garret with boxes branded "Carrot Syrup, none genuine without the signature of Smithers." The agent was enthusiastic over a new and comprehensive scheme for covering the whole country. Smithers dared not let him know the real position of affairs, so, soothing his shattered nerves as well as he could, he said casually:

"Oh, very well; I'll go in for another hundred thousand," and the agent departed jubilant.

As I remember Smithers' pathetic tale, the expenditure of $200,000 resulted in the ordering of something like three gross of his justly celebrated tonic, and at last he realized that the end had come. He went to Philadelphia to report abject failure to the capitalist, and for three days and three nights he walked the streets of that city unable to summon courage to pull the handle of the doorbell. He said he felt like a man going to execution, and during those three days and three nights he ate and drank nothing, experiencing neither hunger nor thirst. His inside was preparing itself for Carrot Syrup, and gray hairs were beginning to shine on his head. One afternoon this nerve-racked man forced himself to ring the bell. When the door was opened he stammered to the servant:

"Would you kindly ask Mr. Cash if I could have a few moments of private conversation with him?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," answered the servant, "but Mr. Cash is in Bermuda and won't be home for two months," and, saying this, must have been astonished to see the man stagger back down the steps, muttering, "Thank God, thank God!"

Hope springs eternal, and although a moment before he thought he had not a remnant of it left, the tidings of the millionaire's absence seemed to him like a reprieve at the foot of the scaffold. Against all expectation his note, as one might say, was renewed for sixty days. Still without feeling the need of any food he returned to the distant city where his factory stood. The week before he had dismissed all his employees except a watchman, and the watchman was absent, of course, when Smithers unexpectedly arrived. He let himself in and went to his own private room. The small table at which he worked was covered with letters, but that had proved too limited to support the incoming mail, and on the carpetless floor was a heap of communications half the height of himself. The heap bestowed one immediate advantage upon him, in that it broke his fall, for the long anxiety, followed by the week's privation, had its effect on him with the apparent suddenness which attended his success in advertising, and Smithers lay prone and insensible among his letters until the watchman found him. He was assisted from that heap a rich man, destined to grow richer, yet never to know a healthful day, as if Providence had perpetrated this grim joke upon him because he had set out to climb to wealth up the ladder of a nation's fears for its own physical well-being.

Two months later he received a letter from his backer asking carelessly, "How is Carrot Syrup coming on?" Smithers wired back, "We must quadruple the size of the factory immediately." Cash answered, "All right. Draw on me for what you want."

The reply was, "Don't need to draw. Have plenty in bank."

This sudden tidal wave of success may seem like a novelist's yarn, but that is exactly the way tidal waves come. It is in real life, and not in novels, that these things happen. Thousands of things occur every day in business life which a writer of fiction would be compelled to reject as too improbable. Yet, when you come to think of the matter, the explanation is as simple as the action of Columbus when he stood an egg on end. Mr. Peregrine Smithers had set out to persuade fifty millions of people, which was their number at that day, of three things:

(Concluded on Page 19)

The Major's Lost Fiancée

A Naugatuck Club Story

By HAMBLEN SEARS

I

MAY never furnished mankind with a more beautiful morning than this one. Everything was growing; little plants were sticking up green shoots through the earth; the blossoms had just begun to appear in round, pink bulbs almost ready to burst; little Lucy's cat had a most wonderful family of four black, yellow and white kittens up in the closet on the third story, which the stork had been kind enough to leave there the night before; out in the barn Biddy, the wire-haired Irish terrier, was busy over seven children not four days old. In the dining-room Jim Braveur had just helped himself and Lucy and Dick and Mabel to fruit, and the sun came in through the open windows on the yellow heads of the children eating as fast as they could stuff food into their mouths, when the door opened, and mother came in, dressed in a loose morning gown which was covered with little pink rosebuds.

Everything was young and nice and Maylike. The whole world seemed to be hopeful and blossoming and increasing, just as the good God means it to be.

But troubles always come at such a time—terrible calamities that have to be overcome and settled even in the happiest of times. That is the work of people of brains and wit.

"Mudder," cried Lucy before that important lady had fairly seated herself.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Braveur.

"Mudder, can't I have—I want—Dicky says——"

"Good gracious, Lucy, what *is* the matter? Why don't you wait till there's nothing in your mouth and then get the words out properly? Sit up straight, dear——"

"But, mudder, can't I have a piece of candy after breakfast?"

"No, dear." And she began opening her mail.

"Dicky has."

"Dicky hasn't. If he has he can't have any ice cream for—Jim! what *do* you suppose——!" and she read on breathlessly in the letter she had opened.

"I've given up supposing. Have you done the match-making act again?"

"Match-making! Imagine my making this match! Listen: '*Dear Lucy:* I have some news——'"

"Who is it?"

"The Major," and she read on. Then: "Goodness me! To think of it!"

"Impossible! who's dead?" exclaimed her husband.

"If you would listen, dear——"

"Consider that I'm listening." And he went on with his usual enormous breakfast.

"Why, the Major says he's engaged to be married!"

"Good Lord, he's nine thousand years old," laughed Braveur.

"He's certainly sixty-eight, if he isn't seventy, and—wait!—he says:

"'I am quite aware of the fact that every one will laugh at me, but I know you will not, and so I tell you first. I am going to marry a young girl about twenty years old, whose name is Edith Weld. She is of good family, but is an orphan and without any very large supply of funds.'"

Mrs. Braveur paused and gazed at the amused face opposite.

"And what do you suppose he says next?"

"I give it up—children, probably."

"Jim, please remember that your own are present!"

"I am constantly reminded of it. Dick, that's my leg you're kicking, not the table's."

"He wants us to ask her here, right away—and with him. What shall I do?"

"Ask her, I guess. What else can you do?"

"But suppose she isn't—isn't presentable, you know."

"Then we can send her back to the orphan asylum."

"He wants to come this Sunday."

"Then she'll have to be here this Sunday, too, I suppose. Who else is coming?"

"The Mortons, and Dicky Barnes was coming down to try those ponies—and that's all, I think."

"Oh, well, they're all harmless. We'll give the twenty-year-old a blow-out."

"Think of marrying that old Union Club bachelor!"

"But you haven't got to marry him."

"I know, but I'm sorry for the girl already. I wonder why she did it."

And so the letters were written, and Friday night's train brought the company together.

It was only an instant after the fair girl with her big hat entered the Braveur hall—only an instant and one anxious look—when Mrs. Braveur put her arms around her neck and kissed her with a combination of immediate friendliness and gracious hospitality.

"I'm so glad to see you, dear," said she. "To think of that great man marrying! It's astonishing!"

"Never mind, child," laughed the Major. "I may have waited a long time for the right woman, but I've found her," and he patted the girl's cheek in his genial fashion.

"You remember Mrs. Morton, Major," said Lucy as the two Mortons rose from behind the tea-table to greet him. Dicky Barnes came in.

"Look here, Lucy," cried he. "Look at this for an Irish terrier pup. He's mine. I've picked him out—I beg your pardon! How de do, Major? Glad to see you on our farm, I ——" Then he met the girl's eyes and stopped suddenly. For an instant the two looked at one another. Then they shook hands.

"Do you like pups, Miss Weld?" with what seemed most unnecessary seriousness.

"When I can't find anything better," and she smiled with quaint humor at his solemnity.

"There's nothing better here, you can bank on that."

"Dicky! How unchivalrous," said Lucy.

"I don't mean you—nor does Miss Weld. There's only the Major, who's a millionaire, and Peter, who's married, and Jim, who— who isn't worth liking——"

"Don't you talk so about my husband."

"Well, he's my cousin, isn't he? I can run down my own family, I suppose."

"How about yourself?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"Well," said Richard with becoming embarrassment, "of course, *myself*, you know! Now, Miss Weld might—but I couldn't be forced to say what she might think of me, even if ——"

"Even if you knew?" asked the young lady with raised eyebrows.

"Even if it were uncomplimentary. But about these pups ——"

"I love *them*, anyway."

"Then throw away that dishwater and cold toast, and come out and see the finest family of children you ever saw."

She hesitated for an instant, and then went out with him toward the stables. Mrs. Braveur looked at her Jim with the fleetest of glances, and saw him watching the Major.

"I'm mighty glad you came down when you did," said Richard with evident sincerity when they got away from the house.

"But you haven't the slightest idea who I am."

"Oh, yes, I have. You're Miss Weld."

"That isn't much."

"You never can tell, you know," said Richard. "Maybe—anyway, you've—you've got an extremely becoming hat—and ——"

"Yes, but I mean——"

"And I'm inclined to think any blessed thing in hats or clothes would be beautiful when you——"

"Are you a flirt, Mr. Barnes?"

"Do I look it?"

"You look too nice to be one, but——"

"Then I deny the allegation."

"But I think your looks are—are——"

"Liars?"

"Well, that is rather——"

"Do you like riding ponies—polo ponies, I mean?"

"I like anything that I can ride."

"Don't you want to get on one to-morrow and take a run across the fields?"

"I'd love to," cried the girl impulsively.

"Very early?"

"As early as you please."

"I'm serious."

"Do I look funny?"

"You look—you—Gee! I wouldn't dare to tell you how you look."

"What is it?" she asked anxiously, putting her hands to her hair. "Is my hat crooked?"

"No-o," said Dicky, putting his head on one side and looking into her eyes. "Not exactly. Shall I tell you the truth?"

"Yes, please do! If anything is the matter——"

"You're so nearly my ideal that I can't——"

"Mr. Barnes!"

"Oh, come, don't get mad."

"Then stop saying silly things."

"Well, about the ride. Will you get up at six?"

"Why not?"

"Prompt?"

"Of course."

"You see, we can get a cup of coffee, ride an hour, and then I can have breakfast and get in town by ten."

"Can't you stay at home to-morrow?"

"No. I've got to run in and make a couple of millions. But I'll be out by two."

"Why don't you give up these millions?"

"Because, Miss Weld, I'm a pauper—not a red cent, you know. I've got to scrap. But I don't mind; it's fun."

"I'm a pauper, too," said Miss Weld.

"You look it," said Dicky, examining her critically.

"I am, really."

"Then shall we be friends?" And he held out his hand to her as they went into the stable.

"Yes."

"Really?"

JOINED A BRIDGE TABLE IN THE CARD-ROOM

"Really."

"And you're not mad because I said you were—were beautiful?"

"No-o, not if you meant it," smiling at him.

"Never fear," said Dicky seriously.

"Do you need my hand any longer?"

"I beg your pardon," cried Dicky, looking down at it, but still holding it. "You know, I thought it was the pup——"

"*What!*" And she drew the hand away suddenly.

"I mean it was so warm and—friendly, and young—and ——"

"Mr. Barnes, you are certainly a terrible flirt!"

"I don't know what it means," said Dicky. "But the ride's on for six A. M., isn't it?"

"All right."

"Shall I knock on your door?"

"Perhaps the maid would be more proper."

"We'll have a bully run," said he enthusiastically. "Here they are," and he showed her the six pups and mother Biddy—and not a word had she said of the Major!

//

AT SIX the next morning Dicky took the situation by the horns and knocked softly on a certain door. There was a quick response:

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes. I'll be down in a minute." And he had hardly reached the dining-room when she followed—a little figure in gray riding habit and three-cornered hat.

"Splendid!" said he as they shook hands. "You're a good sportsman."

"Ah, but you see it's so seldom that I get a ride."

"That's a pity."

"I think so, anyway. I haven't a horse now," a little sadly.

"As a matter of fact," critically, "I'm inclined to think you should always dress in a habit."

"Cream in your coffee?" asked Miss Weld, bending suddenly over the machine.

"Anything you say."

"How foolish! Don't you know whether you like cream or not?"

"Dishwater 'd do this morning."

"Really, Mr. Barnes, you look as if you had some sense ——"

"But——"

"But for a man to talk so at this unearthly hour——"

"Call it heavenly hour——"

"At this *early* hour, sir, is absolutely idiotic."

"Let's get up every morning at this time and breakfast together, and be—be idiotic, will you?"

She looked up from the machine, flushing a little guiltily, but smiling, too.

"Do you know, it *is* fun to talk to a person who is somewhere near your own age!"

"Haven't you any brothers or sisters?"

"No, and no parents," gently. "But I lived for years with a dear, old maiden aunt, who brought me up, and I played with no one, and now——"

"Now?"

"Well, now I'm breakfasting with a silly young person like myself."

"I say, it's kind of fun, isn't it?" and he leaned across the table confidentially.

"Do you think we'll get scolded?"

"I don't care."

"Then I won't, either. Come on; I'm through, and crazy to get on that pony."

And so in the glistening morning they rode along the valley with the soft May mists clinging to the ground as the sun slowly but steadily drew them upward—along the valley and then up through the woodland roads to the uplands and the farms, where worked now the farmers, harrowing and planting, and watching the first signs of their future crops.

"It is perfectly beautiful—perfectly beautiful, this dear, fresh morning," cried the girl with flushed cheeks and glistening eyes, as they rode along. And the light-hearted Dicky grew more silent, and noticed less and less of the morning and more and more of something else. "Why don't you talk?" she asked presently, as they walked the ponies through the fields and woodland paths.

"I can't, somehow."

"I thought you were a—a great talker."

"So I am. I'm always getting squelched for it."

"Aren't you glad, this beautiful young morning?"

"Glad! Good Heavens, Miss Weld, I—I—say, just for this morning, you know, and because we're both idiots, I'm going to call you Edith—that's your name, isn't it?"

"Well—I don't know—perhaps—for this morning—*only!*"

"Yes, this once—and perhaps you're not aware that for this morning—this once, you know—I bear the historic name of Dicky."

"For this morning—only."

"For as long as you like——"

"Oh, no," laughed the girl. "Only for this ride of ours."

"All right. Now—Edith——" She looked across the bright fields for an instant and the quick color ran across her face again. "Edith——"

"Yes?" turning toward him.

"'Yes,' what?"

"E-er—Dicky?"

"That's it. Now, as we know each other very well—and grew up together——"

"We must have been born yesterday, then," laughed the girl.

"I *was*—and no mistake," said he seriously. "Well, as we have grown up together, I will say to you in the confidence of a lifelong friendship, that I'm so glad, this beautiful morning, I could wish it might never end."

"So do I!"

"If we might only do the Browning act, and ride, ride together to the end of the chapter!"

"Goodness, how lame we'd be."

"Would you get tired?"

"Dreadfully!"

"Of me?"

"Probably."

"That's mean—to Dicky, your lifelong friend!"

"But think of riding together for—for perhaps fifty years."

"I can't think of it!" exclaimed the man suddenly. "It makes me too unhappy."

"That's the first unkind thing you've said."

"Do you want me to be more explicit?" and he leaned toward her and looked into her eyes.

The eyes dropped and she stroked the pony's mane.

"You mustn't, really!"

"Mustn't what?"

"Mustn't—er—be too explicit."

"Why not? I certainly begin to feel as if we had grown up together."

"But, after all, we haven't. And you don't know me——"

"Yes, I do."

"Oh, no, you don't. Maybe I'm a dreadful person, and have a terrible past." She tried to be gay still, but in spite of the May morning and all the happy signs about them, a little sadness and a little tragedy crept into her voice.

"Never!" cried Dicky, with the blindness of that time of morning and that time of life. "Never. I can see your past. It's as white and clean as——"

"No, it isn't."

"I don't care, anyway. I'm satisfied with this morning."

"Please be sensible!"

"No. That's not my strong point—and, anyway, I won't! How long are you going to stay here?"

"Just over Sunday."

"Oh, we'll have to fix that. A month is the least——"

"Don't let's worry about to-morrow. Come, I'll beat you in to the gate," and off she went with the pony on the run, the man following and watching the grace and ease with which she sat on the little horse—the grace and ease of a girl at home in the saddle. And he thought—the idiot—that he had never seen such a sight before.

As they dismounted at the stable and walked the short-cut path through the trees to the house he stopped.

"Edith——"

"Our ride is over, sir."

"Please let me—until we get to the house."

"No, no. I've been very bad, anyway. Mr. Barnes, you—you won't think I've been—er—undignified——"

"I? Good——"

"You won't——"

"I can't think of anything but that I must really have known you a long, long time—I do, really—I sort of feel as if we were good pals, and that I could tell you lots of troubles and things—and that we'd have some more, many more rides, and——"

"Wait"—she was almost frightened now. "I——"

"Don't say a word——"

"But I must—I can't!" she murmured to herself. Then—"Wait! You know—I'm really very old—you see—I've traveled and seen a great deal of the world——"

"Stuff!" muttered Dick.

"——and I've lived and lived——"

"About eighteen years."

"Oh, a long, long time—and——" She looked away at the trees, drew in her breath with a convulsive little movement, and then continued, with what she tried to make the same gay manner, "and, goodness me, I'm even engaged—and——"

"Engaged!" laughed Richard. "Engaged to what?"

"Engaged to Major Pendleton—and——" She could not go on.

There was a sudden pause.

"You're engaged to be *married?*" said Dick slowly.

"Yes."

"*You?*"

"I thought you knew. Yes."

"To the Major?" He could not comprehend.

"Yes. He's made it possible for me to live since my father and mother died, and—and—I'm engaged to him."

They walked on toward the house without a word, across the lawn, slowly, side by side, up the veranda steps. There she paused and tried to say something, but failed. Then:

"I'm sorry," gently.

"Sorry you're engaged?" cried he, turning on her suddenly with angry eyes.

"Oh, no, Mr. Barnes," and her whole figure straightened.

"Then why sorry?"

"Nothing," said Miss Weld as she went into the hall and up to her room.

III

"SHE'S a dear girl, Major," said Mrs. Braveur that afternoon as they sat on the veranda. "I don't wonder you picked her out."

"And you're not going to make fun of me?"

"I never saw a man so afraid of ridicule. Why should I?"

"Well, dear, I'm a little older than Edith."

"But if you two—if you agree on it, what has age to do with it?"

"That's just what I said to myself. But, you know, I'm an old codger——"

"You're the youngest of us all, I believe."

"And I've a good many set notions, I'm afraid——"

"She'll get used to them."

"And then, she—she's not had much—that is, maybe she'll regret it by and by."

"Not unless you make her."

"That shall be my object in life now," said he gently. "She means everything to me. I feel just as young as she does, Lucy, and the few years left to me would be lonely and miserable without her."

"I'm so glad," said Mrs. Braveur softly, putting her hand on his arm.

"I've known her since she was a tiny baby," continued the Major, looking out across the lawn; "watched her grow up and develop. I've worked over her poor, weak father's tiny estate——"

"And pieced it out here and there?"

"It was my joy, dear. And I have seen her suddenly bloom into a beautiful woman. They'll say I'm in my second childhood, but, Lucy, a man's only old when he feels so!" And Jim Braveur came up from the stables.

"Where's that scamp, Barnes?" he asked. "He was going out with those ponies, and I haven't seen hide or hair of him."

"He's in the library, or was a few minutes ago."

"Oh, Dick!" called Braveur.

"What's up?" came a voice from inside the house, and Richard appeared.

"What about those ponies, loafer?"

"I rode one this morning."

"Which?"

"The bay, I think."

"You think! Say, Dick, don't you know the color of your mount?"

"It was the piebald pony," said Miss Weld, coming out for tea.

"How——"

"We got up early and rode two of them. I had a black one and Mr. Barnes rode the piebald."

"I suppose it was so dark that Dick couldn't tell the color," said Braveur sarcastically.

"Yep, that was it," answered Richard listlessly.

Mrs. Braveur glanced from one to the other with the extraordinary faculty of woman. Something was wrong: that was not to be questioned. But what? She could not guess, yet she would know before long, or her name wasn't——

"Where did you go, Edith, dear?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. We went up the valley, then through woods, then on hills, then home."

"How'd they go, Dick?" asked Braveur.

"The piebald's rotten," remarked Mr. Barnes.

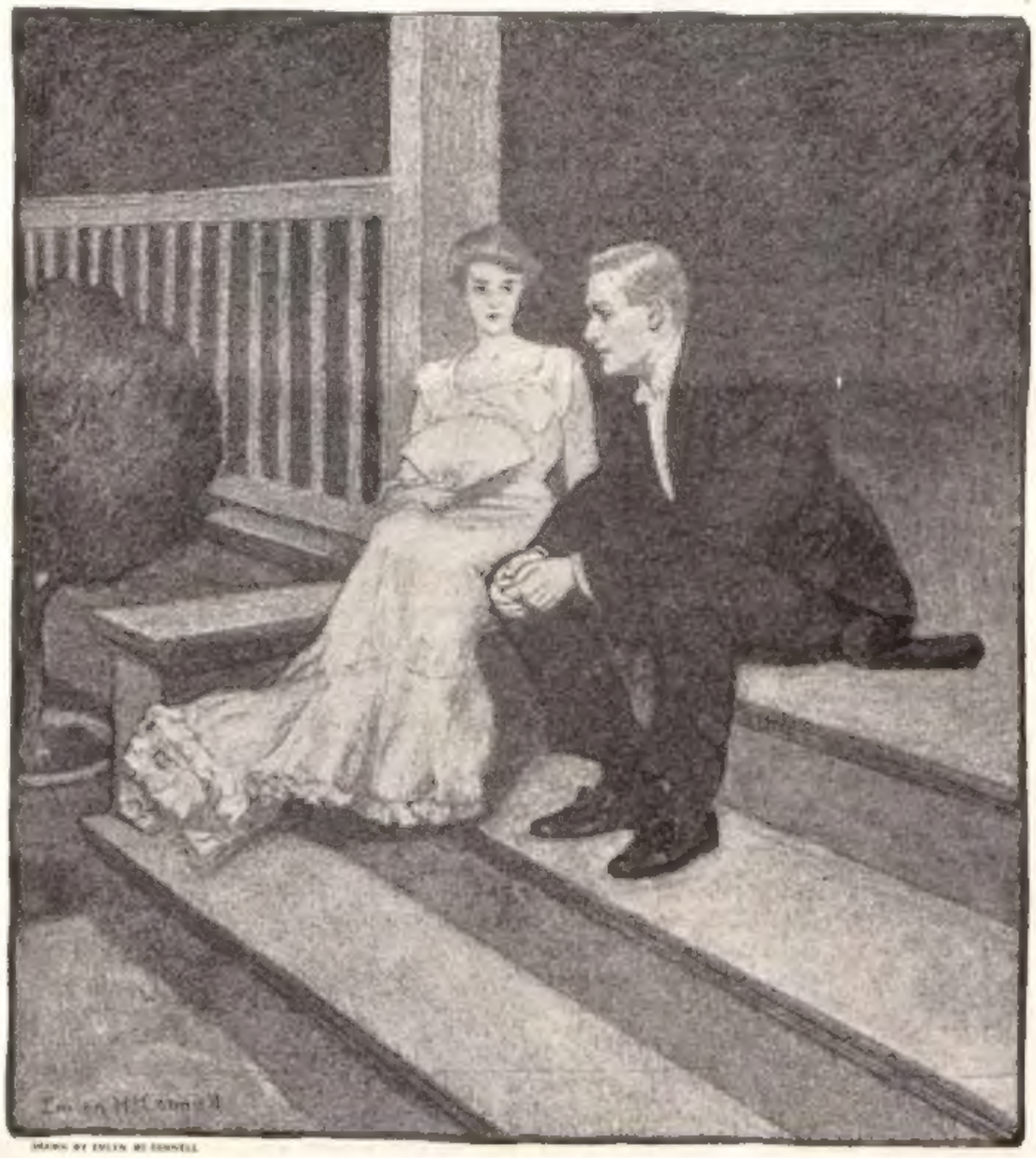
"That's encouraging. I paid three hundred and a half for her."

"Miss Weld can tell you about the black."

"I thought he went beautifully, Mr. Braveur."

Still Lucy's keen mind was searching, studying, divining. But she could make nothing of it. No one seemed to be aware of anything different, yet she knew it was there. And all through tea, all through dinner, she kept steadily on, because she was a woman, and because to a woman such problems must and shall be solved.

She was watching unconsciously as they started over for the Naugatuck Club dance, which, on this Saturday, was a little more than usual, as it celebrated the official opening of the club for the summer.



"MR. BARNES," SAID SHE, "OUGHT YOU TO TELL ME THIS FAIRY STORY?"

The Major sat on the piazza for a while with the others, and then joined a bridge table in the card-room made up of some cronies of his. The Braveurs danced—Lucy maintained that she would dance till she died, even if she lived to be a hundred. Mr. Richard Barnes, gloomy and cross—he scarcely knew why—stood in the doorway of the big hall that was cleared for dancing and watched a certain light-haired young girl in a white frock as she swung round the room. He had not danced yet. He had decided he wouldn't.

Then he caught a look across the room, and threw good resolutions and gloomy ones to the winds.

"Will you consent to dance with me?" he asked in what he vainly believed to be a fine offhand society manner.

"Why not?" said she. "That is, if you can dance."

And so they started off with a waltz, gliding here and there and everywhere, first out into the crowd, then seeking little corners for a quiet step and rest, out into the stream again for a quick dash—neither speaking, neither thinking overmuch, perhaps, but suiting one another's step as if they had been taught to dance together.

"Tired?" he asked.

"No, I love it."

And then out again into the whirl with a long, easy step that sent Dicky's heart flying at a dangerous pace—and then the music stopped.

"That was splendid!" cried the girl, looking up at him with a flushed and smiling face.

"Come out and get cool," and they walked along the dark veranda and sat down on the steps.

Silence for a time.

"Are you angry with me?"

"I? Why should I be?"

"Because—because you were so kind and—and jolly this morning, and now—all day—well, I——"

"I haven't congratulated you on your engagement yet."

"No."

"I do now."

"Thank you."

Silence.

"You *are* angry with me," said the girl presently.

Then he turned to her.

"Shall I tell you why?"

"I don't know—perhaps you'd better not."

"I'll tell you a fairy story, then."

"Is it wise to?"

"Probably not."

"Then I wouldn't."

"I must. I can't help it. You see, there was once—in Arcady—a foolish idiot of a man."

"He's usually a prince," murmured the girl, hardly realizing what she said.

"Well, this feller was just a plain idiot."

"I can't imagine a story being interesting with a hero who is an idiot." She was sparring for time.

"This won't interest you, I imagine, but it does me. This idiot met a beautiful young princess——"

"Ah, that's better. But I hope she isn't going to fall in love with the idiot."

"That's the whole trouble. She didn't."

"Oh!" said Miss Weld suddenly, in a different tone.

"The idiot met her, and—and—well, this idiot simply keeled over the very first instant he laid eyes on her. He couldn't help it, Miss Weld, this idiot—he had nothing to do with it. Is that possible, do you think?"

She did not answer at once. Then she said in a low voice:

"I don't know."

"It must be, because it's a fact—and the idiot just kept on from the start. It was all so new and strange and so—so right, he thought, this idiot——"

"Please don't!" begged the girl.

"And she showed it, I guess, because she—that is, this princess—by and by divined it——"

"All at once," said she earnestly.

"And then she told him she was going to marry the——"

"Mr. Barnes," said she, "ought you to tell me this fairy story?"

"No," said Dicky gloomily.

"Ought I to listen to it?"

"No," he repeated.

Lucy Braveur, with the instinctive responsibility of chaperonage born in her, had missed her charge and begun to look about to see if the girl was having a good time. Not finding her in the room, she tried the piazza, and came upon the backs of a white frock and a black coat; and before she could move away she heard three sentences.

"Oughtn't this man," she heard Miss Weld say—"I won't call him an idiot, because I don't believe he is—*was* one—oughtn't he to have forgotten the princess, then, at once?"

"Yes, Miss Weld, but he can't! He can't! That's all there is about it. He can't—and—*won't!*"

"Then the princess will," said she. "Shall we go in?"

"Oh!" whispered Lucy Braveur to herself as she went quickly back into the room. "It can't be! It mustn't be! How dreadful! What can I do?" And for a long while that night she lay wide awake, thinking, thinking.

Next day they were persuaded to stay over for the following week—the Major and his fiancée. It was a jolly week. They had dinners, and picnics, and sails, and what not. But one night the Major and Mrs. Braveur were sitting by themselves. It seemed to her that he had with great care arranged that they should. So she waited.

"Child," said the old man presently, "I've got to talk to somebody—a woman; and you're the wisest one I know."

(Concluded on Page 18)

THE BOOMERANG

A Business Man's Story

By William Hamilton Osborne

FLANAGAN'S LAWYER SMILED AND LOOKED AT HIS WATCH

FLANAGAN, of First Avenue, the inventor of various things, had been sold out; sold out under the small judgment of the Taylor Iron and Steel Company. In the wreck he lost the heat preserver and the smoke consumer. Gregory, the hard-mouthed collector of accounts, had bought them in for his own individual account; but with a charity hardly to be expected in one of his calling, he had overbid; and this left Flanagan and family a small margin in good, hard cash. Gregory, be it said, made a dollar or two later out of his purchase, and the Gregory smoke consumer (formerly the Flanagan) is known in a modest way all over the borough of Manhattan. But the gas generator, the pride of Flanagan's heart, had been spared; he still retained his letters patent and his models of that valuable appliance. With this and his family Flanagan pulled up stakes and left the borough of Manhattan.

"I'm sick of it, Norah Flanagan," he said to his wife; "sick of First Avenue and of New York. And, to boot," he added, with a grim and weary smile, "if we stay here, where Sullivan's about, I'm sore afraid that you'll be wishin' that you'd married him: him and his two stores, and his house and lot—and his old woman, too."

"If I thought John James Sullivan could ever set the North River on fire, Jimmy," said young Mrs. Flanagan, "I might have thought about him. But no Sullivans for me so long as there is clever Flanagans like you. Not much."

The Flanagans' journey was a short one. Flanagan settled in the great overgrown town of Monroe—a city of some three hundred thousand people—where there were more factories to the square mile than there were in any place he'd ever seen. They dumped their belongings in a cheap second story in a cheap street, and sent the young Miss Flanagans to the public school, and then the inventor started in. One day he came home with a radiant face.

"It's the thin edge of the wedge, Norah," he exclaimed, "for the bent glass people have said they'll make a trial."

"The bent glass people," queried Mrs. Flanagan, "and what would they do with the Flanagan gas generator machine, I don't know?"

Young Flanagan drew himself up. He spoke with a brogue when he addressed his wife, but never at another time. "The Flanagan generator, Mrs. Flanagan," he said, "generates gas to make heat or light of any kind. You put her in a furnace or under one, and put a match to her, and there's your heat. Stick one of her inside of a retort, and another one outside, and apply your match, and the outside one heats the inside one and makes your gas. You can use her for any purpose anywhere and anyhow. And the bent glass people, that wants a steady heat—they'll make a test. It's the first step, Norah."

Norah shook her head in admiration. "You're clever—clever, Jimmy Flanagan," she said.

"I hope she works," said the inventor, with a slight catch in his voice, "for it's all that we've got left in the wide world, Norah."

. . . . . .

The president of the Monroe Electric Light and Power Company sat and fidgeted at his desk. He was waiting for somebody. That somebody came—in the person of the secretary of the same concern.

"Well, Blodgett," said the president, "what luck?" The secretary, a young, sharp-looking chap, with a smooth face, placed his silk hat upon a desk and threw his gloves inside of it. Then he dropped into a chair and tilted it backward to the limit.

"Declined—with thanks," he answered.

The president reddened and frowned. "Confound McClenahan. I made that fellow, Blodgett—made him. He's an upstart, that's what he is. He's a grabber. And when I'd made him then he froze me out of the Citizens' Gas slick as a greaser. He's a hog pure and simple. What did he have to say?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Mitcheltree," went on the secretary, "just what took place. Of course, he knew why I was there—you had prepared him for that. I told him we were prepared this year to do a bigger business than ever. He told me, genteelly, that I lied. I told him that it was only fitting that the two light companies ought to consolidate; that we could control all rates; that repairs would bring in a mint of money; that our counter advertising could be cut out, for it would make no difference to the consolidation whether people bought of us gas or electricity. I reminded him that you and he had been friends. I—in short, I went all over the ground with Mac, and I didn't leave a stone unturned."

"What did he say?" asked Mitcheltree again.

"Laughed like thunder. Called my attention to the fact that Monroe Gas stock was up to 112 and likely to keep on; and that Monroe Electric was only 58. Wanted to know if I thought he was a blamed fool. Reminded me that the trolley company were going to start a plant of their own next month and would cut us out; and told me confidentially that the city, through the influence of the Senator, was likely to give us the go-by and get its light from the new trolley power-house. Said he thought we must be crazy; that every house in town was piped for gas, and every house that was new built was piped for gas; that it cost fifty dollars apiece to wire. I told him we were doing it for nothing. He slung that in my face; said we did more damage in a free job than the job was worth. Said, in short, that he wouldn't touch our concern with a ten-foot pole. I reminded him of his promise of two years ago. He denied making it."

The president rose and snorted. "He lies like thunder," he exclaimed.

"That isn't the question," returned the secretary. "The point is, what are we to do? He won't help us out, though he knows that in the face of our concessions of a year ago he's morally bound to join us. And I'll tell you what it is—I've found it out. McClenahan is one of the people behind this trolley power-house, and they're going to make that big enough and strong enough for the whole city. That's the point. In five years we'll be goners. He could do better with those fellows than with us, and he's running up against us with a plant that's going to chew us up in no time—that is, unless we can force him to terms. We can hold our own for a year, two, three years, perhaps; but after that, who knows?"

Mitcheltree sank into his chair. "It's a confounded shame," he exclaimed bitterly, "after all I've done for Mac."

"I want to tell you this, Mr. Mitcheltree," returned the young secretary, "I'm in this fight for all it's worth. I've got my living and my reputation to make out of this company; and I sha'n't leave a stone unturned. I'll do everything, use every means to fight Mac to a standstill. If we can't win out it won't be our fault, that's all. You think it over and I'll think it over and we'll see. We'll see."

He strolled over to his private office and closed the door behind him and sat down at his desk and started to think it out. Blodgett, this young and square-jawed secretary of the electric-light concern, was a first-class man in his way. He had an infinite capacity for hard work and for detail, and he kept his eye upon every officer and employee, from the president to the helpers. He insisted upon knowing what was going on every day, and he directed that all difficulties be referred to himself.

It was for that reason that the superintendent now interrupted his train of thought.

"Mr. Blodgett," said the superintendent, "I don't want to bother you, but there's been a chap in here day after day to see you. He's an inventor, and you've always been particular about those chaps."

"If I hadn't been," returned the secretary, "where would you have got that new brush we put on the machines?"

The superintendent stepped to the door and beckoned. "Here's the man, sir," he said; "his name is Flanagan."

Flanagan, of the Flanagan gas generator, stepped into the room. He laid upon the floor a casting of the size of a tomato-can liberally punctured with holes.

"Oil-burner, eh," said the secretary with a smile. "I guess it's a bit out of our line. We don't like oil-burners."

Flanagan shook his head. "It's a gas generator," he replied, "and a good one—the very best. It'll run your dynamos to beat the band. I want every business man in Monroe," he added, "to know about it, and that's just why I'm here."

The secretary picked it up. "This *is* something new," he admitted. "What have you got here," he continued as he unscrewed it; "divided sections?"

"Three chambers," explained Flanagan. "The steam goes into one and forms a gas; the oil into another—or coal dust, for that matter; crude petroleum; any old thing—and forms a gas; and the two meet in the third chamber and form *the* gas: the gas that will light or heat anything anywhere in the best possible manner. It ain't an oil-burner; there are a hundred oil-burners. It's a good, first-class gas generator, and the only one of its kind. That's the regular size, though I've one a size larger."

The secretary, a born engineer, regarded the object with considerable interest.

"These cost you about four dollars apiece to make, I guess," he hazarded. Flanagan nodded.

"What do you sell 'em for?" went on the secretary.

"I won't sell 'em," answered Flanagan. "I'll rent 'em, and for a hundred dollars apiece a year."

"Phew!" ejaculated Blodgett.

"They're worth it," returned Flanagan; "they'll do twice the work at half the cost. They'll save their rent five times over."

Blodgett turned to the superintendent. "What did you think of it, Tom," he inquired. The superintendent scratched his head.

"Well, to tell the truth, sir," he answered, "I think it's a good thing. We don't want it, I don't believe. But I did go up to Smith's glass works and take a look at one. It worked all right, so far as they could tell. They could make a light heat or a strong one, just by regulating the flow of steam, and they didn't have to knock out their brickwork to use it. I thought it was good, for them. It might be good for us. But I thought, and I think yet, that it would be best for gas works. It's a good, rich gas, I can tell by the flame. Smith says it's pretty cheap. I wouldn't give a tinker's dam for an oil-burner, but this chap seems to have the right idea. I thought you'd like to see it; though, as I say, I don't believe we want it, especially at a hundred apiece a year."

"THIS IS SOMETHING NEW," HE ADMITTED

The superintendent was about to leave, but the secretary restrained him. "Wait a minute, Tom," he said, a sudden light flashing from his eyes; "I've thought of something else. Hold on." He turned to Flanagan. "Why don't you try this," he suggested, "on the Citizens' Gas? They might like it. Or have you done so already?"

Flanagan slowly shook his head. "No Citizens' Gas in mine, if you please," he answered; "I've asked about them, and there are some things about their superintendent that I don't like the looks of. I've heard about him. His name's Townley, ain't it?"

The secretary and the superintendent looked at each other and smiled. "Townley's the man," they answered. Flanagan scratched his head.

"I lost a door guard of mine," he said, "because another chap infringed it—Mallory his name was——"

"What," asked the secretary, "that door guard that closes up like the gate on a ferry-boat? I've got one of them. Was that yours?"

"It was," answered Flanagan, "before it was stole. I lost a couple of other good things through the law. And now I'm through. Hanged if I'm going to take my chances with a crooked superintendent with a big, moneyed corporation standing at his back. No, sir; not Jimmy Flanagan. This generator is my living, and the missuses' and the kids', and this generator and me has got to stick together. It's a good thing, and I hope people find it out while I'm alive; for if they don't they'll find it out when I'm dead. For it's good, and I know it's good. That's what."

The secretary nodded sympathetically. "Mr. Flanagan," he said kindly, handing back the machine, "I wish you'd come around here to-morrow just about this time. In the mean time make some inquiries about me, and satisfy yourself as to *my* honesty and standing. When you've done that I may be able to help you out. Come back this time to-morrow."

He waited until Flanagan had gone. "Look here, Tom," he said to the superintendent, "this *is* a good thing, isn't it?"

"As I said," replied the superintendent, "not so much for us; but it's a rattler for a gas works. And Townley, of the Citizens', would give his eyes to have it. I'm sure of that."

"Let me see," mused the secretary. "Flack, of the gas works, is in our pay, isn't he? And we can depend on him, can't we? I was sure of it. All right, then, we'll start in to-morrow."

And all that day, as he sat at his desk, he wore upon his face an inscrutable smile. The president noticed it later in the day.

"What does it mean, that smile of yours, Blodgett?" he inquired.

"It means," replied the secretary, unconsciously using one of Jimmy Flanagan's pet phrases, "it means, Mr. Mitcheltree, the thin edge of the wedge—and nothing more."

Next day Flanagan came back. "Now, Flanagan," said the secretary, "I'm going to help you out, but you've got to trust to me and trust implicitly to me. I want you to take a couple of your generators—you'll need two, I suppose, for illuminating gas—and hand 'em to Townley, of the Citizens', and tell him to test them, and tell him your renting price. Leave them with him until he's through with them—and then report to me."

Flanagan slowly shook his head. "But," he protested, "it's playing with fire. It's putting my head in the lion's mouth. I can't trust Townley—and you say that *you* can't trust him. What then?"

The secretary looked Flanagan squarely in the eye. "The question, Flanagan," he said, "is not whether you can trust Townley, of the Citizens', but whether you can trust me, of the Electric—that's the question. If you can't then the deal is off."

Flanagan fumbled with his hat a bit, but Blodgett kept looking at him in the eye. Finally Flanagan waved his hand.

"I'll do just what you say, Mr. Blodgett," he replied; "and I'll see Superintendent Townley this afternoon."

Flanagan saw Townley and explained his machines, and asked leave to make a test. Townley acceded reluctantly, and Flanagan set up the machines and started them. Then Townley bowed him out.

Two weeks later he sent for Flanagan. He had the two machines wrapped up, and handed them over to the inventor. "Mr. Flanagan," he said, "I'm sorry. I rather liked the things. But the Citizens' is too old-fashioned, and it hates innovations. If I was running things myself I might use these, but as it is I'll have to do without. But look here," he added, without at any time looking the inventor in the face, "here's a twenty-dollar bill. We've had the use of the machines, and I gave you some encouragement at the start, and I guess you're a bit hard-up, and—and the money's yours. It's only right. Sorry, Mr. Flanagan. Good-by."

Flanagan took the machines and he took the money. He went back to Blodgett, of the Electric. "Might have spared myself the trouble," he announced to the secretary; "I might have known they didn't want the things."

The secretary spent fifteen minutes in an attempt to encourage Flanagan, and gave him personal assurances of his friendship for the inventor and of his admiration for the machine.

Flanagan took the assurances for what they were worth, and departed, consoled only by the presence of the twenty-dollar bill which Townley had presented to him.

Blodgett called for Tom, the superintendent. "Those two machines came back to Flanagan," he said. "What does Flack report?" Flack was a workman at the Citizens', but was in the employ of the Monroe Electric.

"NORAH," HE EXCLAIMED, "THERE'S A STRIKE—A COAL STRIKE; A LONG AND STRONG ONE. WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

The superintendent laid a finger alongside of his nose. "Flack reports progress," he answered with a grin, "the fastest kind of progress."

The secretary laughed outright. "Give Townley enough rope," he remarked, "and he'll hang himself every time."

A month later, Flanagan, sanguine at every turn of the wheel of fortune, burst in upon his young wife with an extra in his hand.

"Norah," he exclaimed, "there's a strike—a coal strike; a long and strong one. What do you think? It's been brewin' for a long time. It's bound to last an age. What do you think? Hooray."

"It's hard," answered young Mrs. Flanagan, "hard on the strikers, and hard on the people who use coal. It's hard ——"

"Can't you think of anything that it won't be hard on?" asked her husband. She shook her head. "The Flanagan gas generator," exclaimed Flanagan; "it uses no coal; it uses everything that's cheaper than coal. It uses crude petroleum—waste, coal dust—any old thing that nobody else can use. It's fine, Norah girl. And if I've rented one to Smith and two to the little foundry on the Neck there's no reason why I shouldn't rent one to almost every man in town. And there's nothing like a coal strike for me just at this time. Hooray!"

It was on the same day that Secretary Blodgett strolled into the office of President Mitcheltree. "You might think," he said with a significant grin, "that this coal strike, that's on us now for good, would put up the price of gas. But look at this." He handed over a handbill, damp from the press. It was an advertisement of the Citizens' Gas Company's announcing to the public of Monroe that the price of gas would be reduced at once.

"We've cut in under them pretty well, Blodgett," said the president; "if we could only keep it up forever."

"Their superintendent, Townley, is too much for us," admitted Blodgett. That night the secretary sent for Flack.

"What have you got to say now, Flack?" he inquired.

Flack grinned. "We're running 'em to the limit now," he answered; "every room's full of 'em—full to the gunnel. He's a wonder—that man Townley; he's a star."

The next day Blodgett sent for Flanagan. "Mr. Flanagan," he remarked, "it has become my duty to inform you of the fact that the Citizens' Gas Company is using one hundred and sixty-eight of your gas generators, and running them full blast at that."

Flanagan fell back apace. "W—what's that?" he inquired.

"Exactly," went on Blodgett; "and they call 'em Townley generators and swear by 'em, one and all."

Flanagan grew livid. He seized his hat. "What are you going to do?" demanded Blodgett.

"I'm going to stop 'em," answered Flanagan. Blodgett rose and forced Flanagan into a seat. "What do you want to stop 'em for?" he inquired.

Flanagan swore a strange oath. "Why, they got no right," he insisted, "to use them without paying me for 'em."

"Ah," returned the secretary, "paying you for them is quite a different matter. They'll have to do that. But you don't want to stop them—just yet. Why, two months ago you would have given your eyes to have any company use eight of your machines, let alone one hundred and sixty-eight. Stop 'em. Not much."

Flanagan was bewildered. "What—what would you do?" he asked helplessly. Blodgett rose and stood over the inventor.

"Leave 'em alone," he thundered, "leave 'em alone, until they've got so wedded to your machines that they can't get along without them. Leave 'em alone until coal goes up to twenty or twenty-five a ton."

"And then——" exclaimed Flanagan.

"And then," exclaimed the secretary, "stretch out your hand and paralyze 'em. Smite 'em hip and thigh. Annihilate 'em. Wipe 'em off the face of the earth. That's what."

"Gosh!" returned Flanagan, "I most believe you're right."

"Flanagan," said the secretary, "I'm going to give you a job right here in our works. I want you to stick by us, and we'll stick by you; and when the time comes we'll back you for all it's worth. We'll employ your counsel, and we'll fight Townley and the Citizens', if necessary, way through to the Supreme Court of the United States. We'll get our rights, or we'll perish in the attempt."

The summer passed. Coal rose steadily in price. The fall days approached, shortening as they came on. But Monroe gas continued to be good, and continued to be cheap. The day came when coal reached its breakneck price. Blodgett summoned Flanagan.

"Now," he remarked quietly, "now is the time to strike."

President Mitcheltree and Secretary Blodgett sent Flanagan to the Electric's counsel. Counsel descended upon the Monroe Citizens'. The officials of the gas company, in the vernacular of the street, immediately flew up in the air.

They did not understand. True it was, so they said, that they had been using a gas generator, and using a cheap grade of crude waste oil—but it was Townley's generator, and they had been paying Townley an increased salary for its use.

Counsel for Flanagan retorted by thrusting under the gas company's nose the drawings and a model of the Flanagan machine and a copy of the letters patent.

The gas company retired into its shell and conferred with Townley. Townley stood firm; he insisted that the generator was his own; that he had had the machines cast in the company's own little foundry, and that he knew nothing of the Flanagan machine.

At this juncture the Monroe Electric withdrew Flack from the employ of the Citizens', and Flack's withdrawal created consternation in the ranks of the gas people. Townley sought out Flack at his house and tried to get him back. Flack refused, but gave no reason. There was not the slightest suggestion that Flanagan, who had been on the outside, knew what had been going on on the inside.

Flanagan's counsel waited half a day for the gas company's decision. It came—defiance.

Then Flanagan's counsel hurled his ultimatum.

"This matter," he said, "goes before the United States Court at ten to-morrow. The United States Court, on these papers, will grant a temporary injunction against your use of these machines. If, in the face of that injunction, you use them I'll put every mother's son of you behind the bars. If you don't use them then you can't furnish gas, for you depend upon these machines. If you don't furnish gas you know what will happen to your franchise in this city—and by force of the terms of the franchise itself. So that you stop, and stop at ten to-morrow morning. So much for the temporary injunction. A step further. If, when we argue this matter

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OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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X—From John Graham, at Mount Clematis, Michigan, to his son, Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. The young man has done famously during the first year of his married life, and the old man has decided to give him a more important position.

MOUNT CLEMATIS, January 1, 1900.

Dear Pierrepont: Since I got here my rheumatism has been so bad mornings that the attendant who helps me dress has had to pull me over to the edge of the bed by the seat of my pajamas. If they ever give way I reckon I'll have to stay in bed all day. As near as I can figure out from what the doctor says, the worse you feel during the first few days you're taking the baths, the better you really are. I suppose that when a fellow dies on their hands they call it a cure.

I'm by the worst of it for to-day, though, because I'm downstairs. Just now the laugh is on an old boy with benevolent side whiskers, who's sliding down the balusters, and a fat old party, who looks like a bishop, that's bumping his way down with his feet sticking out straight in front of him. Shy away from these things that end in an ism, my boy. From skepticism to rheumatism they've an ache or a pain in every blamed joint.

Still, I don't want to talk about my troubles, but about your own. Barton leaves us on the first, and so we shall need a new assistant general manager for the business. It's a ten-thousand-dollar job, and a nine-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-dollar man can't fill it. From the way in which you've handled your department during the past year I'm inclined to think that you can deliver that last dollar's worth of value. Anyway, I'm going to try you, and you've got to make good, because if you should fail it would be a reflection on my judgment as a merchant, and a blow to my pride as a father. I could bear up under either, but the combination would make me feel like firing you.

As a matter of fact, I can't make you general manager; all I can do is to give you the title of general manager. And a title is like a suit of clothes—it must fit the man who tries to wear it. I can clothe you in a little brief authority, as your old college friend, Shakespeare, puts it, but I can't keep people from laughing at you when they see you swelling around in your high-water pants.

It's no use demanding respect in this world; you've got to command it. There's old Jim Wharton, who, for acting as a fourth-class consul of a fifth-class king, was decorated with the order of the garter or the suspender or the eagle of the sixth class—the kind these kings give to the cook when he gets just the right flavor of garlic in a fancy sauce. Jim never did a blame thing in his life except to inherit a million dollars from a better man, who happened to come over in the City of Rome instead of the Mayflower, but he'd swell around in our best society, with that ribbon on his shirt front, thinking that he looked like Prince Rupert by Louis the Fourteenth and Lady Clara Vere de Vere, instead of the fourth assistant to the floor manager at the Plumbers' ball. But you take Tom Lipton, who was swelled up into Sir Thomas because he discovered how to pack a genuine Yorkshire ham in Chicago, and a handle looks as natural on him as on a lard pail.

A man is a good deal like a horse—he knows the touch of a master, and no matter how lightly the reins are held over him, he understands that he must behave. But let a fellow who isn't quite sure of himself begin sawing on a horse's mouth, and the first thing you know he bucks and throws him.

You've only one pair of eyes with which to watch 10,000 men, so unless they're open all the time you'll be apt to overlook something here and there; but you'll have 10,000 pairs of eyes watching you all the time, and they won't overlook anything. You mustn't be known as an easy boss, or as a hard boss, but as a just boss. Of course, some just men lean backward toward severity, and some stoop down toward mercy. Both kinds may make good bosses, but I've usually found that when you hold the whip hand it's a great thing not to use the whip.

It looks like a pretty large contract to know what 10,000 men are doing, but, as a matter of fact, there's nothing impossible about it. In the first place, you don't need to bother very much about the things that are going all right, except to try to make them go a little better; but you want to spend your time smelling out the things that are going all wrong and laboring with them till you've persuaded them to lead a better life. For this reason, one of the most important duties of your job is to keep track of everything that's out of the usual. If anything unusually good happens there's an unusually good man behind it, and he ought to be earmarked for promotion; and if anything unusually bad happens there's apt to be an unusually bad man behind that, and he's a candidate for a job with another house.

A good many of these things which it's important for you to know happen a little before beginning and a little after quitting-time; and so the real reason why a boss' name doesn't appear on the time-sheet is not because he's a bigger man than any one else in the place, but because there shouldn't be any one around to take his time when he gets down and when he leaves.

You can tell a whole lot about your men from the way in which they come in and the way in which they go home; but because a fellow is in the office early it doesn't always mean that he's panting to begin work; it may mean that he's been out all night. And when you see a fellow poring over his books after the others have quit, it doesn't always follow that he's so wrapped up in his work that he can't tear himself away from it. It may mean that during business hours he had his head full of horse-racing instead of figures, and that he's staying to chase up the thirty cents which he's out in his balance. You want to find out which.

The extra poor men and the extra good men always stick their heads up above the dead level of good-enough men; the first to holler for help, and the second to get an extra reach. And when your attention is attracted to one of these men, follow him up and find out just what sort of soil and fertilizer he needs to grow fastest. It isn't enough to pick likely stock; you've got to plant it where the conditions are right to develop its particular possibilities. A fellow who's got the making of a five-thousand-dollar office man in him may not sell enough lard to fry a half-portion of small potatoes if you put him on the road. Praise judiciously given may act on one man like an application of our bonemeal to a fruit tree, and bring out all the pippins that are in the wood; while in the other it may simply result in his going all to top.

You mustn't depend too much on the judgment of department heads and foremen when picking men for promotion. Take their selection if he is the best man, but know for yourself that he is the best man.

Sometimes a foreman will play a favorite, and as any fellow who's been to the races knows, favorites ain't always winners. And sometimes, though not often, he'll try to hold back a good man through jealousy. When I see symptoms of a foreman's being jealous of a man under him, that fellow doesn't need any further recommendation to me. A man's never jealous of inferiority.

It's a mighty valuable asset for a boss, when a vacancy occurs in a department, to be able to go to its head when he recommends Bill Smith for the position, and show that he knows all about Bill Smith from his number twelve socks up to his six-and-a-quarter hat, and to ask: "What's the matter with Tom Jones for the job?" When you refuse to take something just as good in this world you'll usually find that the next time you call the druggist has the original Snicker's Sassafras Sneezer in stock.

It's mighty seldom, though, that a really good man will complain to you that he's being held down, or that his superior is jealous of him. It's been my experience that it's only a mighty small head that so small an idea as this can fill. When a fellow has it he's a good deal like one of those girls with the fatal gift of beauty in her imagination, instead of her face—always believing that the boys don't dance with her because the other girls tell them spiteful things about her.

Besides always having a man in mind for any vacancy that may occur, you want to make sure that there are two men in the office who understand the work of each position in it. Every business should be bigger than any one man. If it isn't there's a weak spot in it that will kill it in the end. And every job needs an understudy. Sooner or later the star is bound to fall sick, or get the sulks or the swelled head, and then, if there's no one in the wings who knows her lines, the gallery will rotten-egg the show and howl for its money back. Besides, it has a mighty chastening and stimulating effect on the star to know that if she balks there's a sweet young thing in reserve who's able and eager to go the distance.

Of course, I don't mean by this that you want to play one man against another or try to minimize to a good man his importance to the house. On the contrary, you want to dwell on the importance of all positions from that of office-boy up, and make every man feel that he is a vital part of the machinery of the business, without letting him forget that there's a spare part lying around handy, and that if he breaks or goes wrong it can be fitted right in and the machine kept running. It's good human nature to want to feel that something's going to bust when you quit, but it's bad management if things are fixed so that anything can.

JUST NOW THE LAUGH IS ON AN OLD BOY WITH BENEVOLENT SIDE WHISKERS, WHO'S SLIDING DOWN THE BALUSTERS

In hiring new men you want to depend almost altogether on your own eyes and your own judgment. Remember that when a man's asking for a job he's not showing you himself, but the man whom he wants you to hire. For that reason, I never take on an applicant after a first interview. I ask him to call again. The second time he may not be made up so well, and he may have forgotten some of his lines. In any event, he'll feel that he knows you better and so act a little easier and talk a little freer

Very often a man whom you didn't like on his first appearance will please you better on his second, because a lot of people always appear at their worst when they're trying to appear at their best. And again, when you catch a fellow off guard, who seemed all right the first time, you may find that he deaconed himself for your benefit and that all the big strawberries were on top. Don't attach too much importance to the things which an applicant has a chance to do with deliberation, or pay too much attention to his nicely-prepared and memorized speech about himself. Watch the little things which he does unconsciously, and put unexpected questions which demand quick answers.

If he's been working for Dick Saunders it's of small importance what Dick says of him in his letter of recommendation. If you want Dick's real opinion get it in some other way than in an open note, of which the subject's the bearer. As a matter of fact, Dick's opinion shouldn't carry too much weight, except on a question of honesty, because if Dick let him go he naturally doesn't think a great deal of him; and if the man resigned voluntarily Dick is apt to feel a little sore about it. But your applicant's opinion of Dick Saunders is of very great importance to you. A good man never talks about a real grievance against an old employer to a new one; a poor man always pours out an imaginary grievance to any one who will listen. You needn't cheer in this world when you don't like the show, but silence is louder than a hiss.

Hire city men and country men; men who wear grandpa's Sunday suit; threadbare men and men dressed in those special four-ninety-eight bargains; but don't hire dirty men. Time and soap will cure dirty boys, but a full-grown man who shrinks from the use of water externally is as hard to cure as one who avoids its use internally. It's a mighty curious thing that you can tell a man his morals are bad and he needs to get religion, and he'll still remain your friend; but that if you tell him his linen's dirty and he needs to take a bath, you've made a mortal enemy.

Give the preference to the lean men and the middleweights. The world is full of smart and rich fat men, but most of them got their smartness and riches before they got their fat.

Always appoint an hour at which you'll see a man, and if he's late a minute don't bother with him. A fellow who can be late when his own interests are at stake is pretty sure to be when yours are. Have a scribbling pad and some good letter paper on a desk, and ask the applicant to write his name and address. A careful and economical man will use the pad, but a careless and wasteful fellow will reach for the best thing in sight, regardless of the use to which it's to be put.

Look in a man's eyes for honesty; around his mouth for weakness; at his chin for strength; at his hands for temperament; at his nails for cleanliness. His tongue will tell you his experience, and under the questioning of a shrewd employer prove or disprove its statements as it runs along. Always remember, in the case of an applicant from another city, that when a man says he doesn't like the town in which he's been working it's usually because he didn't do well there.

You want to be just as careful about hiring boys as men. A lot of employers go on the theory that the only important thing about a boy is his legs, and if they're both fitted on and limber they hire him. As a matter of fact, a boy is like a stick of dynamite, small and compact, but as full of possibilities of trouble as a carload of gunpowder. One bad boy in a Sunday-school picnic can turn it into a rough-house outfit for looting orchards, and one little cuss in your office can demoralize your kids faster than you can fire them.

I remember one boy who organized a secret society called the Mysterious League. It held meetings in our big vault, which they called the donjon keep, and, naturally, when one of them was going on boys were scarcer around the office than hen's teeth. The object of the league, as I shook it out of the head leaguer by the ear, was to catch the head bookkeeper, whom the boys didn't like, and whom they called the black caitiff, alone in the vault some night while he was putting away his books, slam the door, and turn the combination on him. Tucked away in a corner of the vault they had a message for him written in red ink on a sheep's skull, telling him to tremble, that he was in the hands of the Mysterious League, and that he would be led at midnight to the torture chamber. I learned afterward that when the bookkeeper had reached in his desk to get a pen a few days before he had pulled out a cold, clammy, pickled pig's foot, on which was printed: "Beware! first, you will lose a leg!"

I simply mention the Mysterious League in passing. Of course, boys will be boys, but you mustn't let them be too cussed boyish during business hours. A slow boy can waste a lot of the time of a five-thousand-dollar man whose bell he's answering; and a careless boy can mislay a letter or drop a paper that will ball up the work of the most careful man in the office

It's really harder to tell what you're getting when you hire a boy than when you hire a man. I found that out for keeps a few years ago when I took on the Angel Child. He was the son of rich parents who weren't quite rich enough to buy chips and sit in the game of the no-limit millionaires. So they went in for what they called the simple life. I want to say right here that I'm a great believer in the simple life, but some people are so blamed simple about it that they're idiotic. The world is full of rich people who talk about leading the simple life when they mean the stingy life They are the kind that are always giving poorer people a chance to chip in an even share with them toward defraying the expenses of the charities and the entertainments which they get up. They call it "affording those in humbler walks an opportunity to keep up their self-respect," but what they really mean is that it helps them to keep down their own expenses

The Angel Child's mother was one of these women who talk to people that aren't quite so rich as she in the tone of one who's commending a worthy charity; but who hangs on the words of a richer woman like a dog that hopes a piece of meat is going to be thrown at it, and yet isn't quite sure that it won't get a kick instead.

As a side line, she made a specialty of trying to uplift the masses, and her husband furnished the raw material for the uplifting, as he paid his men less and worked 'em harder than any one else in Chicago.

Well, one day this woman came into my office, bringing her only son with her. He was a solemn little cuss, but I didn't get much chance to size him up because his ma started right in to explain how he'd been raised—no whipping, no—but I cut it short there, and asked her to get down to brass tacks, as I was very busy trying to see that 70,000,000 people were supplied with their daily pork. So she explained that she wanted me to give the Angel Child a job in my office during his summer vacation, so that he could see how the other half lived and at the same time begin to learn self-reliance.

I was just about to refuse when it occurred to me that if he had never really had a first-class whipping it was a pity not to put him in the way of getting one. So I took him by the hand and led him to headquarters for whippings, the bench in the shipping department, where a pretty scrappy lot of boys were employed to run errands, and told the boss to take him on

I wasn't out of hearing before one kid said, "I choose him," and another, whom they called the Breakfast Food Baby, because he was so strong, answered, "Naw; I seen him first."

I dismissed the matter from my mind then, but a few days later, when I was walking through the shipping department, it occurred to me that I might as well view the remains of the Angel Child, if they hadn't been removed to his late residence. I found him sitting in the middle of the bench, looking a little sad and lonesome, but all there. The other boys seemed to be giving him plenty of room, and the Breakfast Food Baby, with both eyes blacked, had edged along to the end of the bench. I beckoned to the Angel Child to follow me to my private office.

"What does this mean, young man?" I asked when he got there. "Have you been fighting?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, sort of brightening up.

"Which one?"

"Michael and Patrick the first day, sir."

"Did you lick 'em?"

"I got rather the better of it," he answered, as precise as a slice of cold-boiled Boston

"And the second?"

"Why, the rest of 'em, sir"

"Including the Breakfast Food—er, James?"

He nodded.

"James is very strong, sir, but he lacks science." He drew back as if he had a year to hit me, and just as he got good and ready to strike I pasted him one in the snoot, and followed that up with a left jab in the eye."

I hadn't counted on boxing lessons being on the bill-of-fare of the simple life, and it raised my hopes still further to see from that last sentence how we had grafted a little Union Stock Yards on his Back Bay Boston. In fact, my heart quite warmed to the lad; but I looked at him pretty severely, and only said:

"Mark you, young man, we don't allow any fighting around here; and if you can't get along without quarreling with the boys in the shipping department I'll have to bring you into my offices here where I can have an eye on your conduct."

There were two or three boys in the main office who were spoiling for a thrashing, and I reckoned that the Angel Child would attend to their cases; and he did. He was cock of the walk in a week, and at the same time one of the bulliest, daisiest, most efficient, most respectful boys that ever worked for me.

He put a little polish on the other kids, and they took a little of the extra shine off him. He's in Harvard now, but when he gets out there's a job waiting for him if he'll take it

That was a clear case of catching an angel on the fly, or of entertaining one unawares, as the boy would have put it, and it taught me not to consider my prejudices or his parents in hiring a boy, but to focus my attention on the boy himself, when he was the one who would have to run the errands. The simple life was a pose and pretense with the Angel Child's parents, and so they were only a new brand of snob, but the kid had been caught young and had taken it all in earnest; and so he was a new breed of boy, and a better one than I'd ever hired before.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM

The Springs of Profanity

ONE day, a few years ago, Mark Twain called at E. W. Kemble's studio to see about some drawings the artist was making to illustrate one of the humorist's books. Not finding Mr. Kemble in, the visitor, while awaiting his return, essayed a nap on a queer old sofa in one corner, a piece of furniture picked up at an auction, of strikingly artistic appearance but about as comfortable for sleeping purposes as a railroad car seat.

When Mr. Kemble returned and found that his caller had tried the sofa he was somewhat disturbed

"I'm afraid, Mr. Clemens," he said apologetically, "that you didn't find my lounge very easy to lie on."

"I didn't try that while I was on it," returned Mark; "but I found it first-class to swear on."

SITTING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BENCH, LOOKING A LITTLE SAD AND LONESOME, BUT ALL THERE

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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BARRACLOUGH INSERTED HIS REVOLVER THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW AND FIRED

CHAPTER XVII—THE THIRD ATTACK

HOLGATE had given us till eight o'clock, but it was, of course, uncertain if he would adhere to this hour. If I were right in my suppositions (and I could see no flaw in my reasoning) he would present himself at that time and carry out the farce. It was due to his men, to the other scoundrels of the pack, whom he was cheating. And what would happen when we maintained that we had no knowledge of the treasure? It was clear that the men would insist on an assault. And if so, what chance had we against the infuriated ruffians? On the other hand, we had nothing to hope for from a compromise with such men. Altogether the outlook was very black and lowering. When the Prince and all that remained with him were swept away, and were as if they had never been, Holgate would be free to deal with the mutineers according to his tender mercies; and then, with such confederates as he might have in the original plot, come into the possession of the plunder for which so many innocent lives and so many guilty ones would have been sacrificed.

By now the wind had sprung into a gale, and the Sea Queen was running under bare sticks. The water rolled heavily from the southwest and the yacht groaned under the buffets. It became difficult to stand, at least for a landsman. We had hitherto experienced such equable fine weather that I think we had taken for granted that it must continue. But now we were undeceived. The yacht pitched uneasily and rolled to her scuppers, and it was as much as we could do to keep our legs. Holgate, too, must have been occupied by the duties of his position, for he was a good mariner, which was, perhaps, as well for us. Chance decides according to her fancy, and the most trivial accidents are important in the scheme of destiny. Mademoiselle had an attack of *mal de mer*, and had recourse to me. Nothing in the world mattered save her sensations, which were probably very unpleasant, I admit. But the yacht might go to the bottom, and Holgate might storm the staterooms at the head of his mutineers—it was all one to the lady who was groaning over her symptoms on her bed. She kept me an unconscionable time, and when I at length got away to what I regarded as more important duties I was followed by her maid. This girl, Juliette, was a trim, sensible and practical woman, who had grown accustomed to her mistress' vagaries, took them with philosophy, and showed few signs of emotion. But now a certain fear flowed in her eye

Would monsieur tell her if there was any danger? Monsieur looked up, balanced himself neatly against the wall as the yacht reared, and declared that he had gone through much worse gales. She shook her head with some energy.

No, no; it was not that. There were the sailors, those devils. Was it true that they had offered to put us all ashore.

"Yes," said I, "if we give them what we have not got. That is what they promise, Juliette. But would you like to trust them?"

She considered a moment, her plain, capable face in thought. "No." She shook her head. "Mademoiselle would do well to beware of them. Yes, yes;" and with a nod she left me.

Now, what did that mean, I asked myself; and I could only jump to the conclusion that mademoiselle had thoughts of making a bargain with Holgate on her own account. I knew she was capable of yielding to any caprice or impulse. If there had not been tragedy in the air it would have amused me to ponder the possibilities of that conflict of wits and brains between Holgate and the lady. But she was a victim to seasickness, and our hour drew near. Indeed, it was then but two hours to eight o'clock

It was necessary to take such precautions as we might, in case Holgate kept his word. But it was possible that in that wind and sea he would not. However, to be prepared for the worst we had a council. There were now but the Prince, Barraclough, Lane and myself available, for Ellison was in a bad way, and the others were dead. The spareness of our forces was thus betrayed by this meeting, which was, in effect, a council of despair. We made our arrangements as speedily as possible, and then I asked

"The ladies? We must have some definite plan."

The Prince nodded. "They must be locked in the boudoir," he said. "It has entrances from both their cabins"

"The last stand, then, is there," I remarked casually

He echoed the word "There."

I had my duty in addition to those imposed by our dispositions; and I was not going to fail. I knew I should not fail Outside, in the corridor, we sat and nursed our weapons silently. I don't think that any one was disposed to talk; but presently the Prince rose and retired to his room. He returned presently with a magnum of champagne, and Barraclough drew the cork, while Lane obtained some glasses.

"Let's have a wet. That's a good idea," said the purser.

The Prince ceremoniously lifted his glass to us, and took our eyes.

Lane quaffed his, emitting his usual gag hoarsely.

"Fortune."

How amazingly odd it sounded, like the ironic exclamation of some onlooking demon of sarcasm.

"Fortune!"

I drank my wine at a gulp. "To a good end, it may be," I said. "To rest, at least."

Barraclough held his glass coolly and examined it critically. "It's 1893, isn't it, sir?" he asked.

I do not think the Prince answered. Barraclough sipped. "I'll swear it is," said he. "Let's look at the bottle, Lane."

He solved his doubts, and drank, and looked at his watch. "If they're coming they should be here now."

"The weather's not going to save us," I observed bitterly. "She goes smoother."

It was true enough; the wind and the sea had both moderated. Barraclough examined the chambers of his revolver.

"Sir John Barraclough!"

A voice hailed us loudly from the deck. Sir John moved slowly to the door, and turned back to look at us. In its way it was an invitation. He did not speak, but I think he invoked our aid, or at least our support, in that look. We followed.

"Yes," he called back. "I'm here."

"We've come for the answer," said the voice. "You've had time in plenty to turn it over. So what's it to be—the terms offered, or war?"

"Is it Holgate?" said Lane in a whisper.

"Oh, it's Holgate, no doubt. Steady! Remember who has the treasure, Barraclough"

"The treasure is not in our possession," sang out Barraclough. "But we believe it to be in the possession of Holgate, one of yourselves."

"Oh, come, that won't do—that game won't play," said a familiar wheezy voice from behind us, and we all fell back in alarm and amazement.

The boards had fallen loose from one of the windows, and Holgate's head protruded into the corridor. In a flash the Prince's fingers went to his revolver and a report echoed from the walls, the louder for that confined space. Holgate had disappeared. Barraclough ran to the window and peered out. He looked round.

"That opens it," he said deliberately, and stood with a look of perplexity and doubt on his face.

"Since you have chosen war and begun the offensive, we have no option," shouted Holgate through the boarding.

"All right; drive ahead," growled Lane, and sucked his teeth.

Crash came an iron bar on the door. Barraclough inserted his revolver through the open window and fired. "One," said he.

"Two, by thunder," said Lane, discharging through one of the holes pierced in the door.

"They'll play us the same trick as before," said I, and dashed across to the entrance from the music-room.

Noises arose from below. I tested the locks and bars, and then, running hastily into one of the cabins, brought forth a table and used it to strengthen the barricade. Prince Frederic, observing this, nodded, and gave instructions to Lane, who went on a similar errand on behalf of the other door.

Crash fell the ax on my door, and the wood splintered. Lane and Prince Frederic were busy firing through the loopholes, with what result I could not guess, and probably they themselves knew little more. Barraclough stood at his peephole and fired now and then; and I did the same through the holes drilled in my door. But it must have been easy for any one on the outside to avoid the line of fire if he were careful. I was reminded that two could play at this game by a bullet which sang past my face and buried itself in the woodwork behind me. The light was now failing fast, and we fought in a gloaming within those walls, though, without, the mutineers must have seen better. The ax fell again and again, and the door was giving in several places. Once there was a respite, following on a cry, and I rejoiced that one of my shots had gone home. But the work was resumed presently with increased vigor.

And now, of a sudden, an outcry on my left startled me. I turned and saw Prince Frederic in combat with a man, and beyond, in the twilight, some other figures. The door to the deck had fallen. Leaving my own door to take care of itself I hastened to what was the immediate seat of danger, and shot one fellow through the body. He fell like a bullock, and then the Prince gave way and struck against me. His left arm had dropped to his side, but in his right hand he now held a sword, and, recovering, he thrust viciously and with agility before him. Before that gallant assault two more went down, and as Lane and Barraclough seemed to be holding their own it seemed almost as if we should get the better of the attack. But just then I heard rather than saw the second door yielding, and with shouts the enemy clambered over the table and were upon us from that quarter, also. Beneath this combined attack we slowly gave way, and retreated down the corridor, fighting savagely. The mutineers must have come to the end of their ammunition, for they did not use revolvers, but knives and axes. One ruffian, whom in the uncertain light I could not identify, bore a huge ax which he swung about his head and aimed at me with terrific force. As I

THE PRINCESS ALIX STOOD BEFORE ME, GLIMMERING LIKE A GHOST IN THE DARKNESS

dodged it missed me and crashed into the woodwork of the cabins, from which no effort would withdraw it. I had stepped aside, and although taking a knife wound in my thigh, slipped a blade through the fellow. But still they bore us back, and I knew in my inmost mind, where instinct rather than thought moved now, that it was time to think of the boudoir and my promise. We were being driven in that direction, and if I could only reach the handle I had resolved what to do.

But now it seemed again that I must be doomed to break my word, for how was it possible to resist that onset? There were, so far as I could guess, a dozen of the mutineers, but it was that fact, possibly, that helped us a little, as, owing to their numbers, they impeded one another. Prince Frederic was a marvelous swordsman, and he swept a passage clear before him, but at last his blade snapped off half-way through a blow and he was left defenseless. I saw some one rush at him, and the light gleamed on his face, and I recognized Jones. With my left hand I drove my revolver into it with all the power of my muscles. It struck him full in the mouth. He uttered a cry of pain and paused for a moment. But in that moment, abstracted from my own difficulties, I had given a chance to one of my opponents, whose uplifted knife menaced me. I had no time to draw back, and if I ducked I felt I should go under and be trodden upon by the feet of the infuriated enemy. Once down I should never rise again. It seemed all over for me as well as for the Prince, and in far less time than it takes to relate the thought had flashed into my head, flashed together with that other thought that the Princess would wait and wait for me in vain. Ah, but would she wait? If I knew her fine tempered spirit she would not hesitate. She had the means of her salvation; she carried it in her bosom, and feared not. No, I could not be afraid for her.

As I have said, those reflections were almost instantaneous, and they had scarcely passed in a blaze of wonder through my brain when the yacht lurched heavily, the deck slipped away from us, and the whole body of fighting, struggling men was precipitated with a crash against the opposite wall. Some had fallen to the floor, and others sprawled against the woodwork, shouting oaths and crying for assistance. I had fallen with the rest, and lay against a big fellow whose back was toward me. I struggled from him and was climbing the slope of the deck when she righted herself and rolled sharply over on the other side. This caused an incontinent rush of bodies across the corridor again, and for the moment all thought of renewing the conflict was abandoned. I recognized Prince Frederic as the man by me, and I whispered loudly in his ears, so that my voice carried through the clamor and the noises of the wind that roared outside round the staterooms.

"Better make our last stand here. . . . I mean the ladies." . . . He nodded. . . . "It will be better," he answered harshly. . . . "Yes. . . . better."

"Alix. . . . Yvonne!" he called loudly through the keyhole. "You know what to do, beloved. Farewell!"

I had refilled my revolver in the pause, and, with a fast-beating heart, turned now to that horrid cockpit once more. The first person my eyes lighted on was Holgate, broad, clean-faced and grinning like a devil.

"He shall die, at any rate," said Prince Frederic, and lifted his revolver, which he had reloaded. It missed fire; the second shot grazed Holgate's arm and felled a man behind him.

"No luck, Prince," said the devil in his mocking voice, and in his turn raised a weapon of his own. But he did not fire. Instead he turned swiftly round and made a dash toward the other end of the corridor.

"To me, men, this way!"

His voice, evil as it was, pierced the din, and acted as a rallying cry. Several of the mutineers, now confronting us again, turned and followed him, and there was the noise of a struggle at the end of the corridor.

"What's this?" screamed Barraclough in my ear.

"I don't know. Let's fall on. There's an alarm. They're ——! It's Legrand, thank God—Legrand."

"Bully for Legrand!" cried Barraclough, wiping some blood from his face, and he set upon the mutineers from the rear. Those left to face us had scarcely recovered from their astonishment at the alarm when the Prince shot two, and a third went down to me. The others retreated toward their companions, and the three of us followed them up. It was obvious that Legrand and his men were armed, for I heard a shot or two issuing from the mêlée, and above the noise of the oaths and thuds and thumpings was the clash of steel.

Presently my man, who had engaged me over long, dropped, and before me was a little vacancy of space, at the end of which, hard by the door, I discerned the bulky form of Holgate. He was leaning against the wall, as if faint, and a revolver drooped from his fingers.

"Doctor, if I'd had any idea of this I'd have crucified 'em all," he said to me savagely. "But I'll get square yet. First you, and now Legrand! I'll be square yet."

As he spoke, panting, he heaved himself higher against the wall and leveled his revolver. In a flash my arm descended and knocked the weapon to the floor. I could see his grin even in the dim light.

"Well, it was empty anyway, man," he said. "But I'll give you best for the present. I've my ship to look after."

THE PRINCE CEREMONIOUSLY LIFTED HIS GLASS TO US, AND TOOK OUR EYES

I could have struck him down then and there, and I raised my point to do so; but he seized my arm. "Don't be a fool, my lad. She'll be gone in this wind if I don't take charge. Have your fling if you want it," he screamed in my ear above the clamor, for the noise of the wind was now increased and grown into a roar. It sounded as a menace in the ears, and I involuntarily paused and looked out of the doorway. The heavens were black, the waters ran white to the gunwale, and the Sea Queen staggered like a drunkard on her course.

I let him go. His argument came home to me. I do not know that I could be said to have considered; rather his individuality dominated me in this appeal to something beyond our immediate quarrel, to a more ultimate good. Perhaps his very assurance, which was almost contemptuous in its expression, helped to dissuade me. I dropped my arm, and he went. Outside, as I turned back, I saw him stay a moment and look upon us, that pack of desperate wolves and watchdogs. Almost I could think he lifted his lips in a grin over his fang. Then he disappeared into the gathering gloom, and, as I say, I returned to the attack. A few minutes later the mutineers broke and scattered. Their resistance was at an end, and they fled out into the night, leaving our party breathless, wounded, but secure and triumphant.

I say secure, but, alas, the price of that security had been heavy. Legrand with two of his men had escaped unhurt, but two were dead and two seriously wounded. Lane had his face cut open, Barraclough had come off with a nasty stab in the ribs, and Prince Frederic was not to be found. We hunted in that scene of carnage, and I discovered him at last under the body of a dead mutineer. When we had got him forth he was still unconscious, but breathed heavily, and I found traces of internal injuries. I administered what was necessary, including a restorative, and he came to presently.

"Well, sir," said he weakly, "what's the report?"

"We've licked them," I cried.

"Good news, sir. The swine have run."

"They shall be hanged in due course," said he in a loud voice. "My luck holds, Doctor. Tell the ladies. Acquaint —her Royal Highness."

It was the first time he had given his sister her proper style, and in a way this might be taken by those who look for omens as auspicious. Did his luck indeed hold, as he said? I took the office on myself. The Sea Queen was galloping like a racer, and dipped again and again. Two steps took me to the boudoir door, before which lay the body of one of our enemies. As the ship rolled it slipped away and began to creep down the corridor. The yacht reared before she dipped again, and a cascade of spray streamed over the side and entered by the broken door. I rapped loudly and called loudly; and in a trice the door opened, and the Princess Alix stood before me, glimmering like a ghost in the darkness.

"They are gone," I shouted. "We have won."

"Thank God. He has heard us," she exclaimed. "I could hear nothing for the sound of the sea and the wind. But oh, the suspense was terrible. My hair should be white."

"Mademoiselle?" I asked.

"Mademoiselle sleeps," said she, and I thought there was something significant in her voice.

It was well that mademoiselle slept. I left her and went back to the Prince, for more than he needed my care, and as I reached the group the roll of the yacht sent me flying. Legrand caught me.

"We can't spare you yet, Doctor," he shouted.

"Thank God for you," I answered fervently. "You came in the nick of time."

"I thought we might have cut our way out last night, but I found we couldn't," he explained. "You see, we only had one knife, and it has been a tough job to get through the heavy wood of the partition."

"Thank God," I repeated.

He answered nothing, for his gaze was directed toward the door.

"We must take charge," he shouted. There's no time to lose."

"Holgate's there," I screamed back. "He went to look after the ship."

We stood holding on to each other, and Barraclough, Lane and the Prince were holding on by the brass rods on the cabin doors. She rolled and kicked and stood up at an angle of forty-five degrees.

"What is it?" I screamed.

Legrand pointed to the blackness without. "We'll get it in a little. I hope it will be no worse than this."

Suddenly the roar swelled louder, and dismal shrieks and whistlings sounded in the ears. The Sea Queen sank, and a whole tide of sea rushed over the bulwarks and flooded the staterooms. The water ran knee-deep and set the bodies of the dead awash. One struck against me in the whirlpool. It was a ghastly picture, set in that gathered darkness.

"Nothing can be done. We've got to hold on," said Legrand. "He's a good seaman; I'll say that for him. But how many's he got with him? He's undermanned. It's all on the engine-room now."

We were silent again, mainly because it was almost impossible to hear anything through that tempest of wind and volcanic sea. She came right for a moment, and our grip of each other relaxed.

"I'm going, Legrand," I called to him.

"Don't be a fool," said he.

"Oh, I'm all right. I've forgotten something," I shouted. "I'll see to myself;" and I cut myself adrift from him.

I crossed the corridor successfully, and then the yacht heeled, and I was almost precipitated to the other end of it. She must have been knocked about like a tin pot in a gale. I seized a door handle and hung on, and when the vessel had recovered somewhat I twisted it, but it did not give. The boudoir must be farther on.

I crept on by means of the brass railing, and at last reached a door which gave. I opened it, and called out:

"Princess! Princess!"

Blackness filled the room. I could hear and see nothing human. I entered, and the door swung to behind me with a resounding clang.

"Princess!" I shouted, but I could hear no answer.

I groped in the darkness with both hands, and then I touched an arm; I seized it, and drew the owner to me gently.

"Princess!" I called, and this time an answer reached me through the raging elements.

"It is I."

"Thank God, you're safe. Do not be alarmed," I said, speaking into her ear. "The yacht's caught in a hurricane, but ——"

There fell at that instant a resounding crash far above the noise of the storm, and we were thrown headlong against the outer wall of the boudoir. I knew that only, and then I knew no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Vacations — Strenuous and Relaxed

RUSSELL SAGE thinks that a vacation is little less than an extortion from the employer, and asks what employees would think if the boot were on the other foot, and they were expected to give two weeks of each year free. He himself never took a vacation, and neither, he says, did any of the men who made their way in the world along with him—implying that they were all a fine lot. A distinguished New York nerve specialist, on the other hand, says that two weeks is not enough for the busy American business man to recover his wasted forces, and advises four. President Roosevelt, by his example, commends the strenuous life by forest and field to restore the balance of a physique worn out by the nervous strain of city life. Others say that this is burning the candle at both ends, advocating vacation as a sort of rest cure, the chief requisites of which are sleep, indolence and food. Their example is Mr. A. J. Balfour, the British Prime Minister, now in vacation on the coast of Normandy, whose breakfast is a cup of chocolate taken in bed, whose most strenuous physical exertion is golf, and whose most exciting mental experience is bridge. The elder Dumas, according to his horrified son, recruited himself from gigantic labors by the orgies of an ogre—and throve in body and mind, if not in morals. A distinguished Englishman of letters, knighted for his public services and intrusted by the Times with important responsibilities, stated in Who's Who some years ago that his favorite recreation was "a change of work." His morals were no doubt conserved; but a year later he was a mental and physical wreck, living indefinitely in Egypt, where, it is to be hoped, he was able to eat of the lotus.

The upshot of all this? That the vacation should fit the man, as the punishment fits the crime. If the President of the United States were to try a share of the Prime Minister's chocolate, golf and bridge he would doubtless explode; whereas, if the Englishman were to try the American plan it might shake the foundations of belief. The elder Dumas never could have been playwright and romanticist if he had made himself the slave of his study-desk. Russell Sage would not have lent *éclat* to the orgies of Dumas *père*, nor derived solace from them. It is far from certain that he would be able to derive profit from vacation of any sort—for, in order that a man may vacate, there has to be something in his mind except business; otherwise he becomes the abhorred vacuum, and vacation corrodes him worse than business. Men who know themselves, as Socrates advised, know what vacations are best for them. Others will find out when they get into the hands of the un-Socratic specialist.

What Makes a Man

SOME one has come forward with a theory that, great though the evils of slavery were, it undoubtedly did have one incidental benefit—it developed in the white man the sense of authority and the power to lead. In support of this notion its author gives the long list of splendid Southerners, from Washington and Jefferson down to that fixed small body of old Southern Senators, men every inch of them, who maintain the traditions of the early Republic against the rising tide of political commercialism.

But the authority one wields over a slave does not fit a man for authority among equals. These mighty men of the South were bred to the highest American characteristic, the ability to lead well or follow well as the emergency demands, by the same conditions which bred the mighty men of the North—the pioneer life with its compulsory independence and resourcefulness and mental and physical hardiness.

Look beneath the surface and you will find that no good ever came to any man or to any people by any exercise of arbitrary authority. And any industrial system with the element of tyranny in it—whether it be slavery, or capitalism, or trade unionism—is in just so far an unmitigated evil. Further, in a society with right ideals of manhood, arbitrary authority is as abhorrent to him to whom it is offered as to him who is to be its victim.

The Burden of a World's Fair

IT APPEARS evident that the World's Fair at St. Louis, like most other exhibitions of the kind, is not going to be a financial success. It has met its obligations promptly; but the Secretary of the Treasury thought it necessary to warn the Fair authorities that if they fail to meet the installments on the Government loan as they fall due he will take possession of the box offices and do his own collecting.

This forboding is painful, but it does not justify the hasty conclusion that World's Fairs are played out. The public-school system pays no dividends, yet it is not regarded as an unprofitable institution. The consular service is not self-supporting, but it is a productive national investment. Perhaps the people who profit least by a World's Fair are those that live in the city in which it is held. Their expectations are the highest and the most bitterly disappointed. Their business is feverishly stimulated for a year and then left in the dumps. Labor is attracted in mobs and stays stranded. Real estate prices soar and then collapse.

The truth is that a modern international exhibition is too big a thing for an ordinary city to handle comfortably. It crowds the inhabitants out of doors—it is like Gulliver in Lilliput, or an elephant in a flat. The common idea is that the exposition city is receiving a favor at the general expense. In reality it is sacrificing itself for the general good. It puts up most of the money to start the enterprise, furnishes the bulk of the admission fees to keep it going, and submits to all the disturbance of business and general demoralization that accompany the monstrous intruder. The nation sits at a comfortable distance and enjoys the wonderful spectacle for a comparatively trivial contribution, and then the national trade and industry gather in the benefits that follow. Thus Philadelphia offered herself up for the general welfare in 1876, Chicago in 1893 and St. Louis in 1904. And each city was convinced at the time that it was promoting its own interests. It is part of Nature's shrewd scheme of implanting an instinct in the individual that fools him into sacrificing himself to the race in the belief that he is pleasing himself. It is an instinct of this kind whose vigor has perpetuated every living species and whose impairment by too much enlightenment brings "race suicide."

There have been scrambles for World's Fairs heretofore, but in time the trouble may be to find a city willing to favor the nation by taking one.

The Milk in the Cocoanut

IT IS hard to get ahead of the Jap, whether the field be war or repartee. Here are two instances:

Before the present conflict in the East began, a Briton and a Jap, both soldiers, were guests of honor at the leading club of a Southern city—the Briton a six-foot Apollo as buoyant as a boy, the Jap small, smiling and quick. The Briton, of course, patronized the Jap; it seemed inevitable; and as the conversation touched upon the impending impact of Russia and Japan, the Briton could not help assuring the little yellow man that he had a powerful protector in John Bull.

"You've got your good points," he said; "and if we should go into business together we could whip the Eastern Hemisphere. It's a great partnership."

"Ah, I see, yes," replied the Jap, who is now fighting in the Second Corps. "You furnish the strong arm, the handsome presence, the big voice, and we—the brains."

Since the war began a distinguished Japanese statesman was entertained at a dinner in Washington. The table talk was free and friendly.

"I believe you give us full credit for sending Commodore Perry over to wake you up?" said a member of Congress.

"Very full credit," he answered, "very full credit; but we sometimes fear that the Americans do not adequately appreciate how much they found there ready to be waked up."

But Americans are seeing it more clearly every day. There had been centuries of organization, of industry, of plain living, of devotion, of patriotism—and in the wonderful half-century have come skill, adaptability, education and a marvelous sense of selection; and thus we have the most amazing instance of national development in history.

A nation is the individual in the aggregate. The waking-up process, with the man as well as with the population, depends for results on what is found there to wake up. Many faithful parents are spending ten thousand dollars on education in the hope of waking up twenty thousand dollars' worth of force in a thousand-dollar boy.

Every day we hear it said that money is the greatest thing in the world. Money? Why, it is only a servant of brains—and a very menial servant at that!

The War Against Privilege

IN THIS time, when there is so much corruption centring about the control of property, and when that corruption is being so severely criticised, it is important that the true grounds of just criticism should be kept steady in mind.

Honest and sober-minded Americans have no quarrel with the accumulation of property. The wise administration of any property, great or small, must result in the general good; and the man who has a property of a hundred or a thousand millions and is administering it well is undertaking a valuable and painfully burdensome duty for society. No, the quarrel is with privilege, with inequality before the law—that is, with the control of the Government by the men of great wealth and therefore of great power.

This corrupt control was never more powerful than now—and, fortunately, never more visible, never so attentively observed by the people. It must be brought to an end; it will be brought to an end—but not in the despotism of socialism or the chaos of anarchy.

Women as Executives

IN THE domain of the home women have, for countless generations, been distinguished as executives. The home is still woman's throne, though it is no longer her kingdom. Women are using other units than the domestic as a means of influencing public opinion and of promoting public movements.

In the comparatively new field of the club—domestic, social, literary—women prove their great executive worth. In all such movements as the Young Women's Christian Association are seen their ability, both in raising money generously and in spending it with efficient economy. In cities, too, women are found at the heads of immense grammar-schools, having a thousand and more pupils and twenty or more teachers. In at least one city and more than one State, at certain times, a woman has been the superintendent of the whole public-school system. In all domains, however, women are coming to prove their ability as efficient executives, not for a brief time, but as a form of permanent service.

What the "Fee" Buys

A CORRUPT corporation was perpetrating by the usual method a good fraud upon the people. There arose the necessity for giving its tool in office some plausible pretext for betraying the people who had elected him. The corporation hired a man distinguished as a lawyer and distinguished as a reformer and an advocate of high moral standards in politics. This man, in return for the "fee," wrote an opinion indorsing the grab. The opinion was used with great effect—it enabled the corporation to push its steal past the first danger point.

Here again we have that interesting and important question of the ethics of the legal profession. By "retaining" this honorable lawyer and public-spirited citizen the corporation bought his brains, his conscience, his honor, his reputation—bought all that his name stood for in his own eyes and in the eyes of the world.

How should this transaction be regarded under the quaint modern legal ethics? What does the "fee" buy?

A Fool and His Money

IN NEW YORK the most magnificent hotel in the world is approaching completion. Marble, and tapestries, and costly bronze, and wonderful carvings everywhere; suites furnished at from $5000 to $60,000—so it goes. And the management is already certain of the success of the enterprise, so many applications for permanent quarters have come in.

Very significant are the preparations for separating the rich from their money that are going forward everywhere nowadays. If the rich were permitted to live simply and bring up their children in simplicity we might be in great danger of having a permanent aristocracy on our hands. But how many generations can withstand the acid-floods of costly luxury? Business ability fades; the struggle of the arena becomes distasteful, abhorrent, impossible; the family line crumbles—and there are no permanent political privileges to maintain the family after the brains and energy are gone. Luxury will destroy an aristocracy. But if the aristocracy has no political power, how can the luxury destroy the State?

Tales from the Wanderings of a War Correspondent

Some of the Humors and Trials That Do Not Get Into the News Dispatches

By John T. McCutcheon

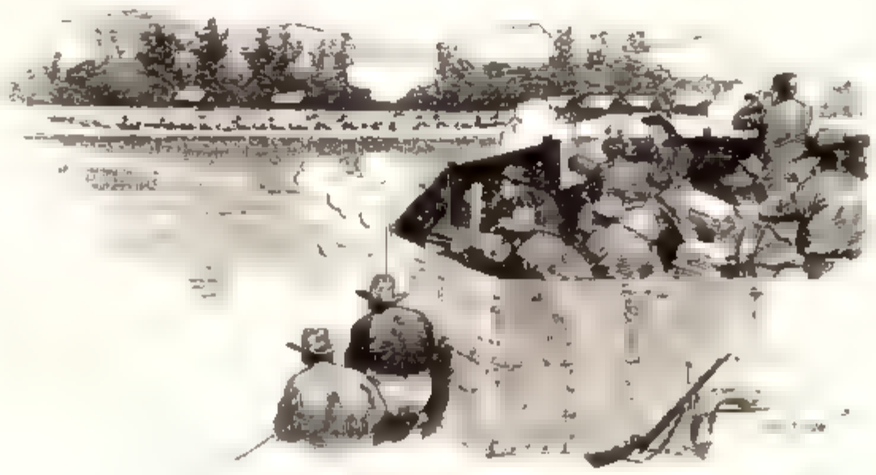
IN THE war now being waged in the Orient we hear many stories of Japanese cleverness. One day they lure the Russians across a field of mines, and the next day their fertility has devised some other new trick of Oriental cunning which amazes the world. In resourcefulness the Oriental has his stolid white-faced brother beaten badly

An instance of devilish cunning occurred during Major Allen's conquest of Samar, one of the Southern Philippine group—a trick that is almost inconceivable in its cruelty as well as its craftiness. Major Allen and a battalion were chasing General Lukban, who had fled from the coast with his treasure and hoped to hide in the mountain jungles of the interior For several miles the march was in the bed of a stream which sometimes was hip deep, and in consequence the progress was slow. Ahead of us the Filipinos were fleeing as fast as they could when retarded by five heavy chests of silver dollars. They evidently left no rear guard to watch the American column, but at one point they left a sentry who could be trusted far more than any Filipino could be

On the bank of the stream was an abandoned shack formerly used by Lukban's men as a barracks Within this shack Lukban had left a dog whose foot was nailed to a timber. As long as the dog was not disturbed it bore the pain in silence, but the instant strangers appeared it screamed and howled in agony as its position shifted. Far off, in front, up the ravine, the fleeing insurgents heard the sudden burst of howls and knew that the advance guard of the Americans had disturbed the dog, and they then were aware of the Americans' exact position. This is a mild specimen of Filipino cruelty

How Major Seaman Bluffed the Russian Captain

IT IS remarkable how much difference a strong bluff makes when properly conducted. On the morning of September 16, 1899, the Tsitzikar, a Russian ship, left Chefoo for Port Arthur. Nine days before she had been in Newchwang, where the bubonic plague was raging. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the sixteenth the vessel anchored in the open roadstead before Port Arthur and signaled for permission to enter the harbor. Presently the health officer came out in his little tug and the captain of the Tsitzikar told him where the vessel had been. At the mention of Newchwang the health officer drew away as if we had the plague on board. "When did you leave Newchwang?" he shouted from a safe distance. "About ten days ago," answered the captain. "At what hour did you leave?" sang out the health officer. "At five in the afternoon," answered the captain. "Then you can't come into the harbor until five," said the health officer. This was carrying out health regulations with a vengeance, for no vessel from a plague port was allowed in Port Arthur until ten days had elapsed from the time of leaving the infected port, and this health officer was going to exact the limit even down to minutes. The Tsitzikar lay in the open roadstead until five and then began again to signal for permission to enter. Once more the health officer came out and said that the vessel could not enter until the following morning. Now this was considered an ultimatum by the Russian captain of our craft, but not so by one of the two lone passengers. This man was Major Seaman, of New York. Perhaps you will understand the character of the major better when I tell you that he once threatened to clean out the English club in Shanghai because one of its members had made a slighting remark about the land of the brave and the home of the free. The major was a man not to be daunted by mortal man, be he martinet or despot. So he proceeded to talk to the health officer, and though the latter could not understand a word he saw that some sort of a prodigious bit of verbal fireworks was being hurled at him. So he paused in great surprise. At this the major became even more emphatic and waved in his hand a bit of paper. This awed the Russians, for a piece of paper is something that may sometimes be very important After a consultation with his officers and another look at the wrathful figure above him, he gave permission for the Tsitzikar to proceed to her anchorage in the harbor. Then ensued another delay, which called for more fireworks from the major. We could see the health officer speed over to a small gunboat near by and could see that some excited conversation was taking place on the quarterdeck of the gunboat. After some moments the health officer returned and with much humility gave permission for our boat to tie up to the dock. I afterward asked the major what that magic slip of paper contained, and he said it was a receipt from a Shanghai tailor who had made him some clothes.



IT IS THE SURPRISE OF SUDDEN ATTACK FROM SOME UNEXPECTED QUARTER THAT SENDS MEN INTO STAMPEDE

It is impossible to read of the cool courage of the Japanese without a great feeling of admiration, for nearly every week develops some dazzling exhibition of gallant heroism deserving of immortal fame. Where we had one Hobson they have had hundreds, all worthy of glory equal to Hobson's. Where the British surrendered or were repulsed in South Africa with a loss of two per cent. of their total force, the Japanese have fought on to victory at a cost of ten per cent. in casualties. It makes one think of Lookout Mountain and of other Civil War battles where men did not consider themselves whipped until fifty per cent. of their number were disabled. When soldiers know what they are going against I believe they nerve themselves to expect any amount of punishment. It is the surprise of sudden attack or the assault from some unexpected quarter that sends men into stampede.

In the early part of January of 1899 General Lawton began his memorable campaign south of Manila. It was the hottest month of the year, and the march was across the great waste, called the "Deserta," that lies a few miles south of the city. In the dreadful heat of that day's marching sixty per cent. of the Colorado regiment which had been ordered to swing in a long curve on the extreme left were overcome by the heat. The entire Thirteenth Regiment went into total disorganization, while its colonel fell from his horse five times as a result of the heat

How a Stampede Started

THE day finally ended with the army ranged across the northern border of the Deserta just outside of Las Pinas. We camped in an open paddy field that night, with paddy ridges or saddles as pillows. Away in the late hours there came the sounds of bugle calls in Las Pinas, marking the probable evacuation of Noriel's army. When we lay down in the midst of the darkness that night among thousands of sleeping soldiers, many remarks were made on the possibility of a night attack, with a consequent stampede of half-awakened soldiers, but we all were too tired to care much whether the insurgents opened up during the night or not

Over in Ovenshine's brigade a stampede did occur which for a time looked very serious. A horse broke loose during the night, and while rambling about in the darkness it stepped on a sleeping soldier, who sprang up with a yell. The noise aroused others, who grabbed their rifles and jumped to their feet Then some one started to run, stepping on the soldiers lying in his path, and in a second the camp was alive with men rushing wildly about in the darkness

An officer of the Fourteenth Infantry who described the panic to me said that it was the worst experience he had ever had. He was awakened by the yells of the men who had stampeded. The darkness was intense, but he could see scores of them outlined against the sky rushing down on him. He yelled to his own men to keep down, and he expected every second to hear the first frantic shot that would set the whole camp in a panic. One soldier in rushing over him stepped on his head. The yells were increasing and the situation as horrifying as being in a herd of stampeded cattle A surgeon in the hospital quarters fired his revolver to divert the charge, but not until a wounded man, who died later in the night, was run over.

His wound, which was an abdominal one, received in the fight during the day, would have proved fatal anyway, but his death was hastened by being stepped on. In Wheaton's camp we could hear the yelling, but supposed it came from insurgents back in the hills beyond the camp. One imaginative man swore he heard the cry, "Viva la Republic Filipino," although I could distinguish nothing but a chorus of wild yelling.

In the morning my horse was gone, but was later found, covered with mud, and looking very much ashamed of himself

NO VESSEL FROM A PLAGUE PORT WAS ALLOWED IN PORT ARTHUR

The Preservation of Neutrality

THE English were very friendly to the United States when we were quarreling with the Spaniards. Whenever they could strain a point on the question of neutrality they usually did so. A few days before war was declared the American fleet lay in the harbor of Hongkong. Somewhere on the China Sea the cruiser Baltimore was running down with ammunition and extra men which were necessary before Dewey could go after the Spaniards. Over in the Atlantic the Nashville had captured the Buenaventura and England considered that war, though not actually declared, was then a fact. The Governor of Hongkong was ordered to notify the American fleet to leave the port. Now, the Governor was a scholar and a gentleman, and he knew that the Baltimore had not come and that Dewey could not well leave before that ship arrived. The Baltimore would also need to be docked So the Governor reasoned as follows: Supposing she came the following morning, when she was due, and supposing twenty-four hours would be required for docking—that made forty-eight hours. So he issued an order requiring the American fleet to leave in forty-eight hours. At the expiration of that time the Baltimore had come in, transferred ammunition, and had been docked and everybody blessed good Governor Blake, of Hongkong

Coal is an important commodity in times of war, but according to the polite rules of neutrality, a neutral port must not sell coal to a belligerent except in quantities sufficient to enable the warring ship to reach the next port. Consequently, coal was a source of much worry to Admiral Dewey when his fleet lay in Manila Bay during the blockade. Fortunately, there are more ways of skinning a cat than one, as some resourceful sage has remarked Though a neutral nation may not sell coal there is nothing to prevent its vessels from being captured and the coal confiscated at a good fat price. This

is what frequently happened in Manila Bay It was remarkable how many coal-laden ships drifted in to be captured and their coal seized at thirty shillings a ton. The first of these "unfortunates" was the good ship Ellen A Reed, with 2600 tons of coal from Australia The "Ellen," of course, didn't dream that Dewey wanted coal, and the presumption is that she drifted out of her course right into Manila Bay. At any rate, Dewey soon had 2600 tons of good coal and the skipper of the Ellen had £3900; and the glorious institution of neutrality had not been violated

There is an unwritten law—perhaps a foolish one—that makes an American general refuse to take cover in time of battle General Lawton never did, much to the grief of his staff, who were not so particular about their pride. In only one instance, to my knowledge, was there a general who forgot his pride, and to this day he is known among many American soldiers as "Rice Dike"—because he tried to get behind a rice dike during a fight. General MacArthur, however, was an officer who never betrayed the slightest concern for his own safety. I recall an instance that happened on the first day of the Malolos advance that made his courage stand out boldly. The general and his staff and a troop of cavalry were in front and had paused in a little deserted barrio. There was a long wait during which the general paced up and down in the narrow road while the staff and cavalry and signal service men were lounging under trees by the roadside. Adelbert Hay, son of Secretary Hay, and a son of Senator Hale were in the party. Major Putnam Bradlee Strong was with the general, and the two men were talking earnestly as they walked back and forth. Suddenly, like a blast, came a terrific volley of bullets from the dense grove a couple of hundred yards ahead, singing spitefully through the narrow roadway. Instinctively the group sought the nearest cover available. Not every man, however General MacArthur and Major Strong continued their march back and forth, and except for a quiet order or two, the general exhibited no concern whatever. It was a splendid example of cool courage.

The gentleman adventurer still fishes in troubled waters. One of my acquaintances among them, whose name shall be given as Mertin—it is not his real name—was an Irishman who claimed to have been nearly everywhere. His cane was encircled with little silver bands on each of which was the name of some great historical event that he had witnessed. There were the names of battles in the Sudan, and in Crete, and in Turkey, and in every other country that has contributed to the world's trouble in the last fifteen years. He even claimed to have been with Jameson on the great raid, and to explain the absence of his name from the roster of those taken to England under arrest, said that he had been left in a hospital in Malta Well, Mertin was as clever and resourceful as ever a gentleman adventurer could be When the Filipinos were holding great celebrations in honor of the trinity of their adoration Aguinaldo, Rizal and Bryan—Mertin conceived a great idea. He recognized how the Filipinos worshiped Bryan, who in their minds was valiantly fighting in America for their freedom. Therefore, Mertin at once became a cousin of William Jennings Bryan, and when he conveyed this great news to the Filipinos the latter bowed down to him in adulation. It was amusing to see how much more generous the natives were to Mertin than they were to any of the American generals, and how all the good things of the village fell to his lot rather than to the commanding officers. When our troops captured Dagupan Mertin selected the most beautiful young lady of the town, and was after a time commissioned by her to go to Manila and buy a piano for their new home. The young lady is still waiting for the piano and is $500 poorer

SEQUIL, OR THINGS WHITCH AINT FINISHED IN THE FIRST

By HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

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AUG. 26, 186— Brite and fair. tonite i asked father about him and Gim Melcher staying out all nite and he laffed and said it was trew. then i asked him how menny times he did it and he said all the times he wanted to becaus his father thought he was a beter boy than he was well i asked him if i cood stay out all nite sum time and he said no. then he said i woodent dass to and i said i bet i wood. then he said i cood if i wanted to and then mother she said George are you crasy and he said no but he gessed after i had been out a while i wood be homesick. so after super i asked Beany and Beany he asked his father and he told his father what father said and bimeby Mister Watson Beanys father he said Beany cood stay out if i cood. so we are going to stay out Monday nite.

AUG. 27, 186— brite and fair. nothing but church.

AUG. 28, 186— rany as time. jest the luck. I coodent sleep enny last nite thinking about staying out all nite. ennyway i dident go to sleep til most morning and when i woke up it was rauing hard, and it rained hard all day. it has stoped now. they wasent enny fun today.

AUG. 29, 186— brite and fair. i am wrighting this in the morning becaus i shall be to bizzy tonite to wright ennything. i bet me and Beany will have some fun. last nite father said they was a tiger got out of a circus and he kind of thougt it was somewhere in the Eddy woods. i aint afrade. Beany aint neether.

AUG. 30, 186— brite and fair. i gess i wont try to stay out all nite agen. it aint enny fun. yesterday afternoon mother made me go to bed so i woodent be sleepy at nite and Beanys mother she did two. i coodent sleep and bimeby i got up and stuck my head out of the window and looked over to Beanys house and Beany he was looking out of his window and bimeby Potter and Cawcaw went by with their fish poles and you bet i wanted to go two, but i had to stay in my room. so Beany and I begun to holler across to each other and i made up this poitry about Beany,

fat pork and beens
thats what it meens
that Beanys got the belyake
from fat pork and beens.

and then Beany he made up this poitry about me,

Plupy Shute is meener than Pewt
and he is a prety meen galoot.

then mother made me go in a room on the other side of the house, but i coodent sleep and she let me get up at supper time. when father come home he said the tiger had carrid of and et up a bull over to Kingston and he gessed he was coming this way, but i wasent scart. well after super i split my kindlings and me and Beany went down town. we went to doctor Derlorns store and dranck sum soda water and Beany he paid for it then we got sum goozeberries of old Si Smiths and I paid for them and then we went over to Beany's and got a lot of sweet fern segars and then we went down town agen. we went into stores and looked at things and we went down to the warf and then we went across to the raceway and went in swiming. it was kind of cold and we dident stay in very long. then it began to be dark and we went back to water street and staid in the stores til the nine oh clock bell rung and then we went back home. the folks was all setting on the front steps. so me and Beany set down two and bimeby the folks said they must go in and they all went in and shet the door. it made me feel lonesum when i herd them lock the door. it must be prety tuf on fellers whitch havent got enny home. then me and Beany went over to his house and set on the steps til his folks went in and shet the door and then we set on the fence under the gas lite and we herd Nat Weeks come home and mister Gewell and bimeby Si Smith shet up his store and then it begun to be loansum. so we went down as fer as the swamscot house and they was a lite in sum of the rooms and we set down on old Kellogs steps and talked. bimeby old Straton the gas man come round with a little ladder and clim up and put out the gas and then it was prety dark. then Beany he said less go up to Pewts and yowl like cats. so we went up into Pewts garden and we begun to yowl feerful like cats and bimeby Pewts father opened a window and holered scat you devils and jest then Nat Weeks he stuck his head out and he holered scat two. and then we kep still a minit and Pewts father said i wish there wasent a cussid cat alive and Nat Weeks he said so two and then they went to bed agen. bimeby we began to yowl agen and then we yowled jest like cats fiting and Pewts father opened the windows agen and pluged a club out into the yard and holered scat and then we kep still and we herd him tell Nat Weeks that he had got his gun loded and if he herd it go of he needent be sirprized. so you bet we dident yowl agen. so after Pewts father and Nat Weeks had gone to bed agen we clim over the feuce esy and went of up towards Gilmans barn. Beany stumped me to go as fer as the barn and we was going there when i thougt of the tiger and told Beany about it. we wasent afrade but they wasent enny fun in going down to the barn so we went back down towards the high school yard and it was prety dark there and so we dident go down to set on the steps. bimeby it struck eleven oh clock. ferst the town clock and jest after it the factory bell an then we cood hear clocks striking in the houses on the street. i tell you it made me feel loansum. we coodent see enny lites in the houses, so we set on the steps and told stories and talked about the fellers and the girls

Beany said he gesed he wood mary Lizzie Tole, Ed Tole's sister sum day. i bet he wont. then Beany he said when he was a man he wood buy the club stable and have all the horses he wanted to drive, and i cood work for him if i dident get drunk (curiously enough, the first two statements in this prophiecy came true), like most of the hostlers. I told him that i wasent going to work for ennybody for i was going to play in the band like Bruce Brigam, Scotty Brigams brother.

bimeby we herd some real cats yowling and it sounded sort of feerful. Cele read us a story when we was sick with the scarlet fever about a man whitch had a black cat and he got mad with her and cut out one eye. then he got mad with his wife and cut her throte and stuck her up in the chimny in the celler and pluged up the hole. bimeby the polisemen come to find out where his wife was and they hunted evry where in the house and stable and hen koop and evrywhere and bimeby they wanted to go into his cellar. so the man he said all rite fellers come rite down and so the polisemen went down cellar with him and he showed them all over the cellar and they looked evrywhere and coodent find ennything and jest as they was going out they herd a feerful yowl and they stoped and lissened and it kept on yowling in the chimny and when they took a pickax and wanted to dig a hole in the chimny the man whitch killed his wife said they wasent enny thing in the chimny for it hadent been opened for 1 hundred years, but they cut open the chimny and what do you gess they found. well they found his wife with her throte cut and a old black cat with 1 eye out setting on her showlder yowling. so they grabed the man and punched time out of him and they hung him to a lampost. well when Cele read that story to us we all was wirse for 3 days and Annie never got over it and when I hear a cat yowl i think of what the polisemen found in the chimny. so when i herd the cat yowling i told Beany that story and Beany he dident want to go of of my steps enny more. bimeby the town clock struck 12 oh clock and so it was morning and so we tossed up to see whether Beany shood wait til i got in my house or i shood go over to Beanys to wait til

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Beany got into his house ferst. i lost jest as i always do and so i had to go over to Beanys' and he tride the door and it was unlocked and so Beany he went in and i hipered acrost the road as quick as i cood and went in the back way. i wasent afrade only I wasent going to have Beany beat me in geting into bed. i went up stairs as esy as i cood but when i went by mothers room she said is that you Harry and i said yes and she said are you going out agen and i said no it is morn ing now and i am going to bed and she laffed and said good mornin. then i piled into bed and dident wake up til 10 oh clock. Beany dident get up til 12 oh clock.

father saved a mans life today in Boston he was a old man whitch tride to get on a tram whitch had started and father saw he was going to tumble of and get killed and he run and grabed him and the old man tride to pull away and holered and the trane was going faster and father had to run and push the old man and he grabed him by the seet of his britches and give him a hist and picked him rite into the door of the car and then father he gumped of. evrybody said the old man wood be killed if it hadent been for father.

AUG. 31, 186— i bet Beanys father never saved a mans life. I bet Pewts never did neether. i asked father if he xpected the old man to give him a good deel of mony for it or a gold wach, and father he said the conscenceless of having did a noble act is enuf reward. Gosh if i had saved a old mans life i wood have made him pay me. i wood have grabed him and said old man pay me 2 dollars or of goes your hind legs. i realy woodent let him drop but i wood have scart him til he give me 2 dolars. father he said that wood be hyway robery. i dont care.

SEPT. 1, 186— brite and fair. they was a peace in the Boston paper today about father. it said heroik rescu of a old man and it told about father saving the old mans life. lots of peeple spoke to father about it. father walked down town tonite 3 times. he most never goes down. father is going to take me to Boston tomorow if i behaive myself and dont do as i did before.

SEPT. 2, 186— i had to get up feerful erly this morning. after brekfast me and father rode up to the depo in Joe Parners hack. while we was wating for the trane Charles Talor and Charles Gray and all the fellers began to pick into father jest fun like and father got the best of them evry time. You cood here them holler about a mile. then the trane come and we piled in. evrybody knowed father and called him George and evrybody picked into him and he ansered back so that he made evrybody laff that was the way it was all the way to Boston. when we got to Boston we went into a bird store and staid awhile and then father took me out to see a house with a canon ball in it where the british had fired it in the revolution then we went down to the custom house where father wirks and father took of his coat and put on a thin coat and put on sum cuffs made of pastboard and then he took out sum big books and begun to wright. he give me a sheet of yellow paper and a pensil and told me i cood draw sum pictures. when he come in one man holered hullo George what are you going to do with the boy, drownd him, and father he said no but i wood if he dident amount to more than you have, and then that man he shet up, and a nother man he holered George have you saved enny more peeple and father he said no i had a chanse to but his name was Mudge and i let them hang him, and then that man he shet up. his name was Mudge two. bimeby a man come in with specks and side wiskers and sum papers and a squint eye and he come up to fathers desk and father took the papers and while he was wrighting i drawd the man with his specks and his old side wiskers and his squint eye. when father had fixed his papers the man said is that your boy mister Shute and he said yes and the man said can he draw and father said yes and he took the paper before i cood grab it and give it to the man and the man looked at it and begun to look mad and father said what is it and he showed it to father and then tore it up and went of mad. and father turned red and asked me if i dident know more than that. then father he picked up all the peaces and we parsted them together and he showed it to the men and they all laffed and said i was a buster. bimeby a man come in and said that the naval oficer wanted to see father and father took the picture and went in bimeby he came back and said the naval oficer jawed him and then he looked at the picture and laffed and said he wanted the picture and he took it and told father he had better shet that boy up. then it was dinner time and we went out and et dinner at a resterrant i had meat and bread and coffy after dinner we went back to the offise and a man came in and asked who was mister Shute and father said he was and the man said are you the man whitch put a old man on the trane at the depo and father said yes and i thougt the man wood give father a hundred dollars or a gold wach and father looked as if he thougt the man wood say noble man you have saved my fathers life, but the man looked mad and said well sir you did a prety smart thing to throw a helpless old man on to the rong trane and send him of 100 miles away from home and scart all his peeple most to deth becaus they thougt he was merdered and cost him 3 dolars to telegraf and stay all nite and if you dont know more than that you had beter soke your head. father he said what was the old fool trying to get on the trane for if he dident want to go on it, and the man he said he was trying to get of the trane and you woodent let him and the man holered so loud that evrybody cood hear him and shook his fist and went of swaring feerful. then Mr. Pope he said o what a fall was there my countrymen just like what was in the fourth reader and Mr. Davis he said immortal seezer ded and tirned to clay, that is in the fourth reader two. then all the men laffed and said the treat is on you George and father he laffed two and said he wood be cussed, and he said that is what a man got by not tending to his own bizness. tonites paper had a peace in it about father and said the old man whitch father put on the roug trane was going to be marrid and his girl got mad becaus he dident come and marrid another man whitch was there and the old man was going to sew father for braking up the mach father said he bet Ben Ridwill and Jaky Howe rote it for the paper and he wood fix them

SEPT. 3, 186— brite and fair sunday today but father dident go to walk. he was prety cross two. Beany got sent out of sunday school for raising time. after he went out he clim up to the window and made up feerful faces at us. mister Erl the superintendent was jest going to make a prayer and see us laffin and see Beany before Beany cood gump down and he grabed his cane and ran out of the sunday school and chased Beany down to Gim Elersons. Beany cant come agen. i wish i was Beany

SEPT. 4, 186— clowdy but no rane school begins today, gosh.

(THE END)

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THE READING TABLE

Light on the Literary Life

ON THE recommendation of a Concord charitable organization, Winston Churchill, the author, recently took a man to work on his place up in New Hampshire Mr. Churchill struggled with the fellow for some time, but found that it was hopeless. The only things in which he gained were laziness and self-satisfaction. Finally Mr. Churchill discharged him. The man took his dismissal with a jaunty air which was rather nettling

"You seem pleased," observed Mr. Churchill with a touch of sarcasm.

"Oh, I ain't worrying," returned the man. "Guess I sha'n't starve."

"Indeed? I'm not so sure about that. Perhaps you won't mind mentioning what you expect to do."

"No objections," answered the man easily "If the wust comes to the wust I shall take up book-writing. I've discovered that it don't require such an all-fired smart man as I used to think it did."

Degrees in Descent

THE late Phil May spent several years, when a very young man, in Australia. Here he met his first success as a comic artist, but not until he had experienced his share of ups and downs.

Six months after he left England a London friend, who has since achieved fame as a dramatic critic, also went out to Australia to seek his fortune

He, too, soon encountered ups and downs, and during one of the latter happened upon a cheap restaurant in an obscure street of Sydney to order a frugal meal. After studying the bill-of-fare earnestly he looked up at the waiter and was startled to recognize in this person his friend May

"Phil," he said solemnly, "is it possible that you work here?"

"Sir," answered May, drawing himself up with great dignity and throwing his napkin over his arm, "it *is* possible that I work here. I *do* work here. But, sir, I'd have you to understand that I don't eat here. I'm not down to that yet!"

How the Senate Leaks

BRIGADIER-GENERAL George H Harries, of the District of Columbia militia, was for many years an active newspaper worker at the Capitol. Some years ago, when a Senate investigating committee was trying to ascertain who gave the press information concerning their executive sessions, George Harries entered a committee room where Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia, and Senator Bate, of Tennessee, were discussing the question, and Senator Faulkner said: "Harries, I wish you would frankly tell me how you newspaper fellows get information concerning the transactions of our secret sessions."

After a moment of reflection Harries replied: "I should have no objection to telling you if I knew you were authorized to receive the information."

"Then why don't you tell the committee?" inquired Senator Faulkner

"Is the committee properly constituted and duly authorized to receive such information, Senator?"

"Of course it is"

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, it was constituted by the Senate in the regular way, under the Dolph resolution," replied Senator Faulkner. He then went on to give every detail of the manner in which the Senate, in executive session, discussed and adopted the resolution; how the committee was constituted, and that it was empowered to make the investigation. When the Senator had concluded Mr. Harries said:

"Well, Senator Faulkner, that is the way we newspaper fellows get our information concerning all of the details of the proceedings of the secret executive sessions of the Senate."

Senator Faulkner did not catch the full significance of Harries' remark until Senator Bate quietly and good-humoredly said, "Faulkner, if every Senator were as easy to pump as you are we might as well hold our secret sessions on the portico."

Obey Orders and Break Owners

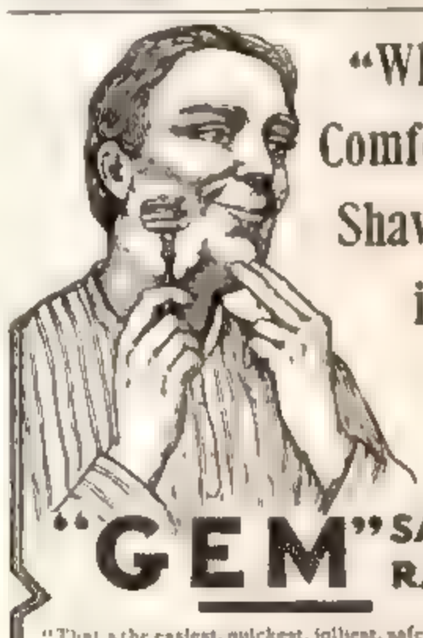
FOR a literal interpretation of orders, Judge C. W. Raymond, of Muskogee, Chief Justice of the United States Court of Appeals for Indian Territory, certainly should have a place near the head of the class.

In 1885 General John A. Logan was a candidate for the United States Senate from Illinois on the Republican side, and Colonel William R. Morrison was the Democratic candidate. The contest was waged for four months between the contending factions with much earnestness and some bitterness. Enough votes finally were secured for General Logan, and he was declared elected with great rejoicing among the victors.

The Secretary of State lived in Judge Raymond's town. The Chief Justice was then but a mere boy and an underling in practical politics, but he was then, as now, a great stickler for carrying out the orders of his superior officers

The Secretary, who was an ardent Logan man, was so elated over the successful termination of the election that he telegraphed Raymond as follows: "Paint my house red."

The next day he came home, and his utter astonishment at finding his beautiful white house with green window blinds changed to a brilliant red may be imagined. But the future Chief Justice, who has gained such a reputation in the Indian Territory as a "man who does things," simply answered, "Don't give orders to me unless you want things done."



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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

GAME FROM AFRICA FOR OUR SOUTHWEST—It is proposed to colonize the eland and perhaps the springbok.

THE introduction of elands into this country is likely to be attempted before long, the Department of Agriculture having given its approval to the idea. All that is needed is money, which Congress will be asked to give. The animals, which are the largest of all antelopes, would be very valuable in the desert regions of the Southwest as a source of meat supply. They require almost no water, are accustomed to forage for themselves, and are quite tractable

The eland is nearly six feet high at the shoulder when full grown, and weighs 1600 pounds. It is not particularly swift (unlike most of its congeners), and a man can sometimes overtake it by running. Its flesh is considered a delicacy. Commonly it browses in herds in the waterless deserts of South Africa, to which it is native, its ability to get along for months together without water being a mystery. To some extent, doubtless, it depends upon moisture derived from succulent plants, such as the wild watermelon.

There are two varieties of eland, one being reddish in color, and the other (known as the Livingston eland) striped. It is one of about two hundred species of antelopes found in South Africa, where animals of this genus seem to have undergone the most extraordinary differentiation. Some of them are the swiftest runners of all animals, and certain kinds are so wild and wary that hunters cannot possibly get within gunshot of them unless by the help of what is known as an artificial ostrich—a Hottentot contrivance, consisting of the skin of an ostrich arranged to disguise a man, who holds the head of the supposed bird aloft by means of a stick thrust through the neck

Elands are becoming scarce in South Africa. Though they seem to be the most desirable species for importation into this country, there are others which might be valuable—notably the springbok, which is a graceful creature less than three feet in height, of a beautiful fawn color, a prolific breeder, and well suited to the conditions, climatic and otherwise, of the arid regions of Arizona, New Mexico and Southern California.

WHERE THE STRAWBERRY CAME FROM—It belongs to the native aristocracy of American fruits.

UNTIL recently nothing definite was known about the origin of the cultivated strawberry, but it has been ascertained that its original progenitor was a plant found in Chile and fetched from that country to Europe. This plant was known as the "pine" strawberry, because of its agreeable pineapple-like smell. Up to that time the garden strawberries had been derived from the common scarlet berry of Eastern North America, but the "pine" species was so superior as to supplant the other.

The Government Plant Bureau states that during early Colonial days the wild strawberries of the field were abundant in this country, and furnished a much prized article of diet. When transplanted to the garden they gave fruits of increased size, but only a few commercial varieties resulted. From Virginia they were taken to Europe, where they were cultivated to a considerable extent until the "pine," from Chile, made its appearance

It is now known that the "pine" strawberry is native to the Western mountain regions of both North and South America. It may be correctly called the parent of the modern strawberry, though some of the best of the garden varieties of to-day have been obtained by crossing the "pine" with the Eastern scarlet berry. At all events, the modern strawberry is distinctively an American product—a gift of the New World to mankind, like Indian corn, the potato, the tobacco plant and the kidney bean.

Our Eastern strawberry reached Europe about 1712, and the "pine" from Chile became known there in 1760. There is a native European wild strawberry which has the advantage of bearing fruit all through the summer, but it is inferior. The garden strawberry, as we know it at the present time, adapts itself to a wider range of latitude and to greater extremes in environment than any other cultivated fruit. Within the last twenty-five years its size has been greatly increased, so that nowadays occasional berries will afford two or three mouthfuls apiece New varieties are continually being obtained through propagation from seed, while the desirable horticultural sorts thus secured are propagated from the runners, their qualities being in this way perpetuated with certainty.

THE SOCIAL MOUSE—He is organized for culture in clubs of his own, and has designs on the blue ribbon.

THERE are dog clubs and cat clubs. One hears occasionally of a canary-bird club. But who could have imagined that we should ever have mouse clubs? Nevertheless, the culture of the mouse is threatening to become popular in this country, and already there are quite a number of mouse clubs organized for business. New York has a mouse club of its own, and there are other organizations of the kind scattered over the United States.

This discussion does not relate to white mice, which are too common to be interesting Besides, they are merely albinos of ordinary gray mice, with pink eyes, just as white rabbits are albinos of gray rabbits, the freak being artificially perpetuated by breeding. When it comes to white mice with brown eyes or black eyes that is a different matter. They may be very precious indeed

But the attention of the mouse culturists, who compose the membership of the mouse clubs, has been directed chiefly to the creation of special breeds of mice, remarkable for form and color. Thanks to their efforts, there are now recognized strains of yellow mice, fawn-colored mice, brown mice, red mice and chocolate-hued mice. There is even the recently-achieved tortoise-shell mouse, which has a coat marked with four colors, including white.

It would be a great mistake to view this new mouse movement with lack of respect. It has for one of its objects the elevation of a hitherto despised animal to the position which it deserves to occupy. A well-bred mouse may be worth as much as twenty dollars in the market, and a blue ribbon at a mouse show may be sought as eagerly as a similar decoration for horse or dog. So far has the work been carried that the very patterns in which the colors should be arranged are definitely establishd.

The fact that many of the members of the mouse club are women shows that the gentler sex is capable of abandoning a long cherished prejudice. It is declared that mice of fancy breeds make most satisfactory pets, being affectionate and capable of performing a variety of tricks. For variety, there are Chinese mice and Japanese mice, singing mice, and Egyptian mice which jump like grasshoppers Dancing mice execute capers like whirling dervishes for six hours a day. For all kinds of high bred mice, oats, bread and milk and fresh vegetables are the diet prescribed.

FREE CONGRESSIONAL SEEDS FOR WINDOW GARDENS—They are more useful to city dwellers than turnips.

THE Department of Agriculture has hit upon a new idea for the distribution of free Congressional seeds. From this time on it will supply flower seeds, instead of vegetable seeds, to Congressmen who represent urban constituencies. The seeds are intended for planting in pots and window-boxes, and each consignment of them sent out will be accompanied by a little pamphlet of instructions, couched in simple language, telling people how to cultivate window gardens and potted plants.

Many Congressmen are understood to think highly of this scheme. For hitherto it has been customary to supply members from the cities, who had no agricultural constituents, with turnip, radish and beet seed, for which they had no possible use. What, indeed, could they do with tomato seed and squash seed when there was not a farm or a truck patch within miles of their home districts? It was an absurdity; and so it came about that, quite commonly, the urban Congressman would exchange his seeds with a rural Congressman, in bulk, receiving in return public documents or some other equivalent.

Now that flower seeds are to be given away, the distribution may be of some real benefit, making many a city window beautiful with blossoming plants at the expense of a paternal Government.

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Their Ways and Their Work

ADOLESCENCE — A massive review of the most critical period of human life by the President of Clark University.

¶ It was Huxley who complained of the reviewers of Darwin's Origin of Species that many of them got their information from the book they criticised as the Abyssinians were said to cut their steaks live from the oxen that carried them. It was a saying not too witty to be true. No adequate judgment of the wealth of information, research, reading and thought that go to make up such a work as President Hall's Adolescence (Adolescence: Its Psychology and Its Relations to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime and Education, by G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University: *D. Appleton & Co.*) can hope to find place in the overcrowded columns of a popular magazine. Nevertheless it should be indicated that the book is also of first interest to the non-scientific, workaday reader. It is formidable in size—two fat, octavo volumes of nearly fourteen hundred pages; the terminology is often obscure to the layman, and not always even does the dictionary give him the information sought, there are long tables of statistics that will bore him, and mazy windings and interlacings of conflicting deduction and theory that he will not care to follow; yet, in the main, he must realize that it is his concerns that are being dealt with, the problems that his parents faced for him, and that, in turn, he hopes to face better for his children. The aim of the book is essentially practical. It strives to keep in touch with life.

"Adolescence is a new birth, for the higher and more completely human traits are now born," says Doctor Hall. Adolescence is a time of change, of adaptation, of great sensitiveness and plasticity. The hope of the world lies in youth, yet "modern life is hard, and, in many respects, increasingly so on youth. Home, school, church fail to recognize its nature and needs, and perhaps, most of all, its perils. . . . And those who hold that the best test of every human institution is how much it contributes to bring youth to ever fullest possible development *may well review themselves and the civilization in which we live* to see how far it satisfies this supreme test."

That is the scope and aim of the book—an historical and critical review of civilization in respect to its relations with youth. It is a task demanding patience, vast erudition, tact, imagination, generosity, and, above all, common sense; and, as a man of learning, there can be no greater compliment paid Doctor Hall than to say that the quality most refreshingly evident in all the personal and independent passages is just that—common sense. The style—in places, it would seem, unnecessarily and willfully technical—is for the most part clear and rapid; not so compact, direct and forceful as Huxley's, but adequate; and in earnest moments it rises to heights of great emotional power and imaginative vision.

Divisional chapter heads, and an index by subjects and by authors quoted, complete the book. It is not for children or for young girls, but let it be repeated that it is of direct interest and eminent practical import to responsible men and women.

TWO ROMANCES OF BUSINESS—By the same author. Mr. Samuel Merwin is seen to run a race against himself.

¶ John Gilpin rode against time and won immortality against his will—the world knows the story; but it is less used or at least the world of letters is less used to see an author race against himself. Not often does he put two of his own books in direct competition with each other, even when, as with Mr. Merwin, they are brought out by different houses: His Little World *(A. S. Barnes & Co.)* and The Whip Hand *(Doubleday, Page & Co.)*, both by Samuel Merwin. The explanation is to be found in the biographical note of a current work of reference from which one may infer that The Whip Hand is the later written of the two but the first to find a publisher—and that their rivalry is merely a coincidence.

Internal evidence bears out the assumption. The earlier work is the shorter and the simpler. It appears to be indebted in style—though not at all in construction—to the French masters of the short story; but the methods of the masters, as Macaulay once had occasion to observe, are, "to employ a phrase common in advertisements, of no use to any but the right owner." There is in the short stories of the French master, de Maupassant, an art of compression so striking in its effect, so admirably simple in its execution, that it inevitably takes every young writer who comes under its influence as a trick that can be caught up. Whether Mr. Merwin was ever under de Maupassant's influence no one but Mr. Merwin can say, but at least his work shows the effect of what the master's influence has wrought in others who had not his knack for his own tools. A style too rigorously compressed loses all charm. It shows lean at the joints, and bumps and jerks in its gait. The style of His Little World has this defect of humpiness and jerkiness.

The later book shows more amplitude of treatment and greater complexity of plot, though like its predecessor it is a romance of business, and best where it is most business like. Delicacy of sentiment, dramatic depth, the gift of a tuneful and limpid flow of language Mr. Merwin has not, but a lively appreciation of the virile elements of a strong character and a crisp narrative are always his when he sees fit to call on them. Because His Little World, in spite of its bareness, keeps closer to the business in hand, it is, though the less ambitious, the better book of the two.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE DETECTIVE STORY — The novel of graft has all the essentials of the older favorite.

¶ Some indiscreet correspondent has given it out that more than one United States Senator is guilty of the amiable weakness of reading detective stories under his desk—but of what use to be a Senator if there were no Senatorial privilege? We common folk, however, with no license for eccentricity, must straitly walk the higher path in literature, and when we do indulge an erring taste it must be with the same secrecy that we read Old Sleuth and smoked corn-silk cigarettes behind the barn.

Happily, the casual discovery of that picturesque word, graft, has resulted in a new species of fiction—or is it a variation of type?—that obviates the need for apology. And those of us who hanker for the excitement of hunting down crime, but lack the courage of our convictions, can turn with all absence of shame and with unfeigned joy to the novel of graft, the apotheosis of the detective story.

Such is Francis Lynde's The Grafters *(The Bobbs-Merrill Company)*. The leading heavy villain is a coarse, fat governor, one Bucks, who has stolen, not a diamond necklace, but—shades of Lecocq!—a whole railway system. His accomplices include a Wall Street financier and other gentlemen whose legal and political attainments are of no small service in forwarding the conspiracy. Against this interesting combination David Kent, Harvard graduate, and sometime general counsel of the appropriated railroad, strives pluckily but vainly until the last chapter, and then—but why spoil a good story? There are faults in the book. But are there not bones in shad and sand in strawberries? The story's the thing! And this is the kind of a story that rides roughshod over faults of construction and inconsistencies of characterization straight through to a conclusion that has in it the charm of the unexpected that always happens.

¶ **MINOR MENTION**: The Second Mrs. Jim, by Stephen Conrad *(L. C. Page & Co.)*, has neither wit nor pathos to excuse the crudities of the dialect and the brutality of the sentiment. One grants it a certain rough commonsense and a rude truthfulness; but if the attempt is for realism it is too dearly bought to be worth having at the price; if for amusement, it is not bad at all.

¶ It is a commentary in more ways than one pathetic and suggestive that Under the Vierkleur *(Small, Maynard & Co.)*, A Romance of a Lost Cause, by General Ben Viljoen, late Assistant Commandant-General of the Transvaal Burgher Forces, should be written in English and should have to depend for its present sales and hope of future life on an English-speaking public. There is interest in reading of what the Boer thought of the war and of the English, but as fiction the book cannot take high rank.

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Architect "	Civil "
Illustrator	Surveyor
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Wall Paper "	Architect
Bookcover "	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Sanitary Engineer
Chemist	French
Com. Law for Clerks and Stenographers	German
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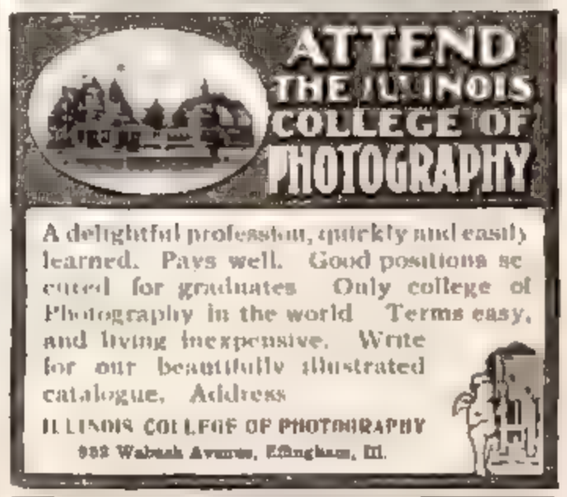
City State



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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 17 Springfield, Mass.

The Major's Lost Fiancée

(Concluded from Page 5)

She looked up at him sympathetically, but said nothing. He did not look at her at all. He sat quietly thinking a moment with a shadow over the face that had so many fine lines in it.

"I made a mistake yesterday."

"You?" as he hesitated to go on.

"I saw Edith and young Barnes walking together."

"You did?"

"Edith has been very different this week—all her light nature seems to have gone! I—I couldn't understand it." He hesitated again

"She'll be all right," said Mrs. Braveur, trying to be reassuring.

"Yes," said the Major sadly. "She'll be all right presently. But, Lucy, I suddenly seemed to see something from the way those two children walked and talked as they went down by the woods on the shore. Then do you know what I did?" and he turned and looked straight at her.

"What?"

"I followed them and listened."

"Major Pendleton!"

"I did. And—and, child, she——"

Jim and Dick came suddenly into the room The hostess touched the Major's arm and motioned him to follow her. They went up to her sitting-room and closed the door.

No one has ever known what happened there, but when Lucy came out into the hall with him she put her arms tight around the courtly old gentleman's neck and kissed him, and whispered

"You dear! You dear!"

IV

"DICKY," called Lucy from the hall just after ten a day later. The usual afternoon family function had been rather sombre. The Major had suddenly been called back to town on business—the man who had had no business for thirty years—and Miss Weld had been absent for no known reason. "Dicky, come here."

"What's up?" asked that gentleman.

She took hold of his coat, and the small hand trembled visibly.

"Dicky, will you go up to my sewing-room and get something on the sofa?"

"Sure," said Richard, starting away.

"Wait. It's—it's on the sofa, I think. But maybe it isn't."

"What under the sun are you driving at, Lucy?" said Richard, beginning to study her more closely.

"It's there, Dick," said she, reaching up and taking the two brown, manly cheeks between her hands. "It's there, Dicky, and it—it isn't engaged any more——" and she reached up and kissed him

But Richard did not need more than one hint. He bounded up the stairs and knocked on the sewing-room door. Receiving no reply he went in without more ado.

On the sofa was a jumble of soft gray gown.

He shut the door softly and went quietly across the room and took the gray gown in his arms. It shook and sobbed a little, but did not move

"Edith!" begged he. "Stop! Look at me!"

"I can't! It's terrible!"

"No, it isn't, dear. It's all right. It's ——"

Suddenly she turned on him.

"Look! Look! Read that!"

He picked up the crumpled letter and read it through. Then, laying it on the sofa, he turned to her again and slowly moved the flushed face with its frame of tangled hair toward him.

"I'm doggoned if he isn't the whitest old cock that ever lived."

"White!" cried she. "I love him, Dick! I do, really!"

"Sure! So do I!"

"But how can I—oh, what am I saying!"

"You can. Go on. We're both in it But—but I want my kind!"

"But I've known him all my life up to this minute—and I——"

"Well, you'll know me all the rest of your life, so it's square."

"But——"

"Tell me—look at me first—tell me, dear heart, can the princess stand the idiot?" She turned away from him suddenly and said nothing. "Can she?"

"That was a horrid story. You're not an idiot."

"What am I?"

"I don't know—I wish I did. You—you—ah, Dick, can we have some more rides together?"

"Yes, dear"

"And will it always be May, with little flowers and trees growing, and mists in the valleys?"

"It will, if I can make it so, Edith."

"Will you try hard—hard?"

"For all I'm worth."

"And never let me grow old—never, Dick?"

"Never."

"If you only knew—if you only knew!" murmured the girl, clinging close to him.

"What?"

"If you only knew what it is to be with some one who isn't dignified, and polite, and correct, and right! Don't ever be dignified, Dicky, will you?"

"Never, s' help me!" and he put his hand on the bright hair and turned her face up to his. And when he saw the glistening eyes shining up so earnestly at him he said again, slowly

"Never will I do anything that shall change your face from what it is now. If I do——"

But she put her hand gently over his mouth

Smartweed and Ticklegrass

By NIXON WATERMAN

Cleanliness and Godliness

The moralists inform us—and they prove it every time—
A rather close relationship exists 'twixt grime and crime.
Our dusty, thieving tramps, they say, would less of mischief do
If they were washed, but some maintain they should be "ironed" too.

At His Rope's End

"Unless you'll say that you'll be mine I'll hang myself!" said he;
"Oh, darling! you must go away to do it," answered she,
"For papa said to tell you—and, alas! I fear he swore—
He wasn't going to let you hang around here any more."

On the Other Foot

"I truly hope you don't object to children," pleaded she.
"Oh, no," replied the landlord, "we live just next door, you see,
With six sweet buds." The lady, who had darlings of her own,
Decided then to let that house that was "to let" alone.

Making the Best of It

"Our daughter has eloped!" cried she, her heart distraught with fear;
"She's run off with our coachman!" "There, there, calm yourself, my dear,"
Her husband said consolingly. "It's sad, I know, but we
May find another coachman that will prove as good as he!"

The Spirit of the Law

It is a fraud to hide a fraud, the legal statutes say,
So when we come across a wrong let's tell it right away.
An honest man who "smells a rat" knows well enough he ought
To "let the cat out of the bag" and have the rodent caught.

A Name That Fits

To say a man's a "lobster," one may seek thus to imply
That he is very "backward." There's another reason why
The term's a fit: For when a man gets in "hot water" he
Is never quite so green again as what he used to be.

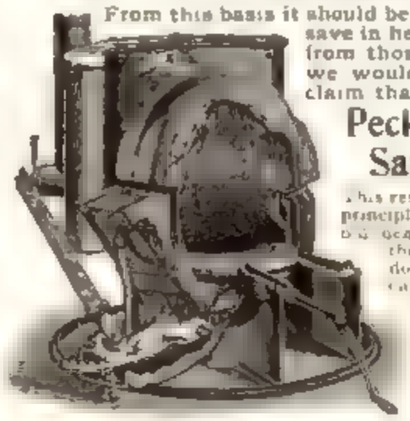
YOUR COAL DOLLARS

Heat at Less Than 2½c Per Day Per Room

The coal dollars that pass up through the chimney can just as well be turned into gold dollars in your pocket. The process is a simple one Procure a PECK-WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED FURNACE and you can make a ton of the cheapest grade of coal produce as much heat as a ton of the most costly grade.

A prominent business man, [illegible] a mild day test, recently wrote us [illegible] saying that he heated [illegible] residence of 10 rooms and 2 large halls all last winter—the severest for many years—at a cost of less than 2½ cts. per day per room.

From this basis it should be easy to calculate how many coal dollars you can save in heating your home. We have abundant evidence from those who have made the test, all voluntary, which we would be glad to submit to you, to make good our claim that the



Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace Saves ½ to ⅔ of Your Fuel Bills

This result has been accomplished by the application of scientific principles We have completely reversed old methods and upset old ideas In the P-W Underfeed the fuel is fed from below and the [illegible] in the rational way. The gases and smoke do not escape up the chimney, as they do in ordinary furnaces, but are consumed as they pass up through the fire Every heat unit in the coal is utilized, with practically no waste in gas, smoke and dirt, and with less ashes and dust makers

Let us send you Free an interesting book fully explaining some of the points of economy and superiority [illegible] and [illegible] every claim we make

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W FIFTH ST, CINCINNATI O

This $18 Ironfold Sliding Box Couch, $10

Handsome High-Grade Couch and Double Bed Complete with Spring, Mattress and Flounce; and Wardrobe Box.

The mechanism is [illegible] operate it. Made of very best [illegible] gles, attractively and durably [illegible] dark green sheeting top mattress, with fine, clean filling. Rip Van Winkle Spring [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] 60 in. long, as bed 4 ft. 2 in. wide. Send $10, money order or N Y draft, and we will ship couch to you promptly. Bargain at $18 but we make this extraordinary low price to introduce [illegible] ple of our goods in every community

Any article [illegible] may be returned at our expense if not thoroughly satisfactory We manufacture and [illegible] to consumer Metal Furniture, Mattresses etc Send us your address for our Book and Prices.

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guarantees you not only comfort but luxury in your daily shave If you are traveling, you will find it [illegible] perfect [illegible] The Star Safety Razor, as made by Kampfe Bros. (original inventors of [illegible] is used daily by over 5,000,000 people This proves it to be a razor [illegible] or [illegible] you will be quite satisfied Every razor is carefully tested before leaving [illegible]

The new STAR DIAGONAL STROPPER guarantees absolute perfection to the user of the razor

Razors, complete $2.00 Handsome Sets, $3.50 and up. New Star Diagonal Stropper, $1.50

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does not check perspiration, and has no odor of its own; but, by chemically neutralizing the odors of the body, it

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25c by mail, postpaid, or at drug- and department-stores.

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INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

The earning power of your savings [illegible] with this Company at 5% is [illegible] greater than if invested at 4% [illegible] 4.65% greater than if invested at 3½%, and 66⅔% greater than if invested at [illegible] At the same time free from speculative [illegible] and [illegible] at your [illegible] banks and [illegible] years under N Y [illegible] banking [illegible] and [illegible] professional men endorse [illegible] methods

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now and until they grow up. If you are here, you do it. If you die, we do it.

Send for booklet "The How and the Why" that tells how to insure and save at the same time. We insure by mail.

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	Evening Sessions.
	Washington Square, N.Y.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 29

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways and twenty other well-known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new yet all are offered at a great discount. Uprights as low as $100 Also beautiful New Uprights at $125, $135, $150 and $165. A fine instrument at $290, fully equal to many $400 pianos Monthly payments accepted. Freight rates are low Write for list and particulars. You make a great saving. Pianos bear our guarantee. Illustrated Piano Book Free

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World's largest music house; sells Everything known in Music

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Learn [illegible] poultry raising. Our [illegible] you [illegible] are [illegible] spare time and experienced teachers. Tremendous opportunities for those who begin NOW. Few [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] Write [illegible] illustrated booklet fully describing various courses.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF POULTRY CULTURE
Box 636, Waterville, N Y

STAMPS—55 diff. rare Coins, Japan, Russia, China, Columbian [illegible] and Album, only 5c. 105 diff. Hawaii, Panama, etc., only 10c. Agents wanted. 50% to 75% com. New 80-p. list and $1.00 worth Coupons FREE! We buy stamps.

STANDARD STAMP CO., St Louis, Mo.

Adventures in Advertising

(Concluded from Page 3)

First, that every one possessed inward machinery.

Second, that this machinery was not working rightly.

Third, that Carrot Syrup would lubricate the bearings, and thereafter the wheels would run smoothly.

The moment he had convinced the man in Florida he had also convinced the man in Maine. When the statesman in Massachusetts began to experience "that run-down feeling" so also did the ranchman in California; therefore the results came simultaneously.

Less than a score of years ago there was a soap man in Philadelphia who soared to affluence on the wings of advertising as the lark flies upward. I used part of his experiences in a short story I wrote for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, but located him in New York, so that nobody would make any mistake. He said to me once that if a number of prominent newspapers selected the poorest workman who was making something to sell, no matter what it was, and merely mentioned him and his products once a day, they would make him rich before the year was out. I had an experience in my early newspaper days which tended to bear out this theory, and I was by way of being the god in the machine.

I have just given a true history of a patent-medicine man, and now, as an appendix, I shall relate what happened to a genuine medicine man: an honor to the tribe. I was attached to the staff of a big newspaper, and had arisen or fallen from the state of ordinary reporter to the altitude or depth (just as you please to put it) of a special writer; which is to say, I had the liberty to choose my own subjects and treat them, especially if they were serious, in a spirit of airy persiflage. Now, a special writer becomes conceited, which a reporter never does, and as my contributions were copied by an appreciative press, I began to think I could write, which delusion lasted until I published my first book and read what the critics had to say about it.

One day my chief entered the room I occupied and asked if I could make it convenient to pay a visit to the drug manufactory of Dot, Blank & Co., for the purpose of writing an account of the establishment. It seemed to me that this was rather a low-down proposition to make to a man of my calibre, for, being a conceited ass at that time, instead of the model of wisdom I am now, I was not aware that the person who could compose an acceptable advertisement was infinitely greater than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. So I ventured to suggest to my chief that Mr. Puffum, our genial and optimistic advertising manager, would be the proper individual to accomplish the task with that *éclat* which it demanded. Now the chief, under a seemingly cold exterior, was the kindest-hearted man that ever lived. There was nothing of the centurion, with his "Do this, and he doeth it," about that capable editor. So, instead of ordering me curtly to attend to the assignment which had been given me, as he had a perfect right to do, he took the trouble to explain that these medicine people were endeavoring to produce drugs of absolute chemical purity; that they had gone to great expense in this good work, and he thought their efforts deserved recognition. He apparently surmised that my *infra dig.* was touched, as a Spaniard would say, and thus very courteously attempted to soothe it. I responded by assuring him that I would do my best, although I had never yet acquired the drug habit, and might not produce as interesting an article as was my custom. He opened the door as if to go, paused a moment, then quietly closed it again, a shade of hesitation on his face, which vanished as he approached my desk once more.

"Mr. Blank will receive you," he said, "at any time you make an appointment with him. To tell you the truth—and I shouldn't like it to go any further—the firm is on the verge of bankruptcy. Their money is all gone, and there is no chance of their getting more. You see, they appeal to doctors, and not to the general public, otherwise the case might be different. Doctors are conservative, and although they, of all people, must know the necessity of drugs that can be relied upon, they are just a little slow in specifying Dot, Blank & Co.'s products in their prescriptions. Blank was at my house last night, very low-spirited, as is natural. He thinks an article in my paper will save him, although I very much doubt it. He is like a drowning man clutching at a straw. Nevertheless, I shouldn't like to see so excellent a firm go down if I can do anything to keep it afloat, so I promised to put our very best writer on the job, and he went away jubilant."

With that the chief left the room, and, I ask you, could anything have been more diplomatic? He had at once aroused the sympathy of the man and flattered the vanity of the special writer. He was a born leader of men in the quietest and most gentlemanly way, and you will not be surprised to hear that I resolved to do my very best.

I shall never forget my stroll through that factory with Mr. Blank. He was costumed to perfection, as American business men usually are. His manner was debonair, confident and charming; his language that of the university graduate, sparkling with wit and humor, and under it all you saw that he was a scholar of the deepest knowledge regarding the abstruse medical problems with which he dealt. It was scarcely possible to believe that he was face to face with ruin. He seemed to be the head of the most prosperous manufactory in the land. He made no confidant of me so far as finance was concerned, and I gave no hint that I knew the real condition of his affairs.

Everything about the place was new to me, and it so happened that what he had to tell was intrinsically interesting. We came upon a menagerie, as it seemed, of some wild animals. They were merely skins of the puma, or American lion, stuffed with herbs and roots gathered in the forests where these brutes roamed when alive. Their sewed-up skins made the best receptable for medicinal plants found where sacks were not available.

Mr. Blank told me wonderful stories of heroic men who were at that moment searching the swamps of South America, testing roots on the spot, braving danger from fever, from wild animals and from savages. After leaving him I wrote until midnight, and if I do say it who shouldn't, the result covered nearly a page of the paper, and it read like Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island.

Newspaper men have only one form of nightmare. They dream, with spasms, of a disguised advertisement getting into the reading columns, yet quotations and stories from this article were quoted in the press of the whole country, in spite of the fact that Dot, Blank & Co.'s name appeared here and there.

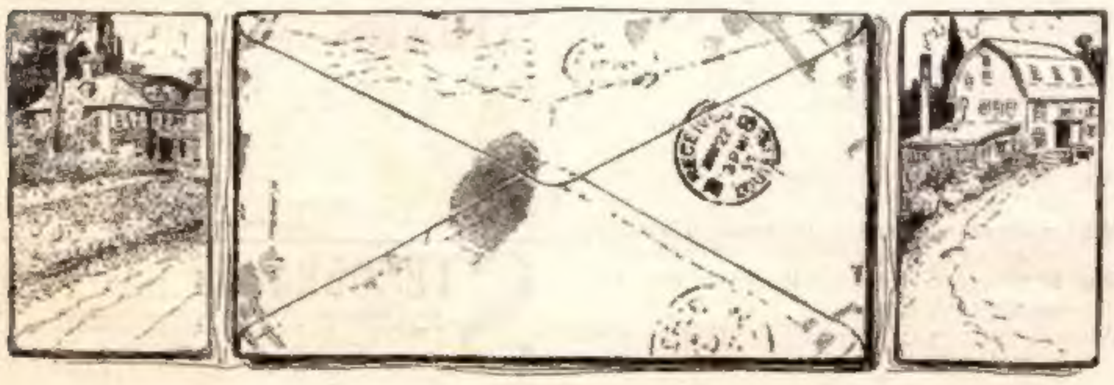
I think I am safe in saying without exaggeration that the firm of Dot, Blank & Co. became the largest medicine house in the world, and the publishing of that article was the turning point in its career.

The other night, at a big dinner in London, I was introduced to a man whom the introducer said belonged to the British house of that celebrated American firm, Dot, Blank & Co. The man was polite enough to pretend he had heard of me.

"I am very pleased to meet you," he said, whereupon I replied:

"You ought to be, for if it hadn't been for me you wouldn't be here in London to-night."

Just then the horn blew and we all made a break for dinner, the man standing there for a moment bewildered, wondering whether I'd gone crazy, or whether this was a new kind of joke which he could not fathom. I haven't seen him since to explain, but if he reads this he will understand what I meant.



Special Styles for August

Right now, while other dealers are planning how to get rid of shelf-worn Spring styles, we are steadily manufacturing the latest Mid-summer Regals.

You don't have to continue to wear April styles until September. Just send for a Regal Style Book and select a pair of shoes designed expressly for mid-summer wear, from the made-to-order models of New York's exclusive bootmakers.

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THE BOOMERANG

(Concluded from Page 7)

before the court, I don't make that temporary injunction permanent, gentlemen—I'll eat my hat, and eat it in your presence. There are the papers. Consult them at your leisure."

The gas company took the papers thus placed at their disposal and read until they came to the affidavit of one William T. Flack, of River Street, Monroe. When they came to it they read it twice. And then, once more, they sent for Townley, their astute superintendent.

At half-past nine the next morning counsel for the gas company called on the counsel for Flanagan.

"Where's your man Flanagan?" he asked. "I want to see him."

"Where are your people?" inquired Flanagan's lawyer with a smile. "I'd like to see *them.*"

McClenahan, president of the gas company, came down. "Now," said Flanagan's solicitor, "you gentlemen may come with me."

He led them down the street and halted before an old-fashioned office building. "This is our place," he said.

"What the dickens is this?" asked McClenahan.

"This," said the attorney, "is the office of the Monroe Electric Light and Power Company. You've heard of it."

Wondering, they proceeded to the office of the secretary of the electric-light concern. There they found Flanagan.

"Gentlemen," said Flanagan's attorney politely, "this is J. Flanagan, inventor of the Flanagan gas generator. Mr. McClenahan, Mr. Flanagan."

Flanagan, in his workaday clothes, grinned and extended a grimy hand. McClenahan did not grin and he did not shake the hand.

"What do you want?" he growled. Flanagan was about to speak, but his lawyer restrained him. "Gentlemen," said the counsel in his pleasantest tone of voice, "Mr. Flanagan will settle on very easy terms. You are to use his machines for at least ten years and pay him fifty dollars apiece a year for the use of them."

McClenahan sighed with relief. "We'll do that," he remarked, "with pleasure. That's all right."

"That," went on the lawyer, "is but one condition. The next condition is quite as satisfactory, so it seems to me."

"What is it?" demanded McClenahan.

"It is," returned the lawyer suavely, "the immediate consolidation of the Citizens' Gas Company with the Monroe Electric Light and Power Company—that, and nothing less, will satisfy him."

McClenahan glanced angrily in the direction of the secretary, Blodgett.

"So this," he exclaimed, reddening angrily, "is the little game, is it? Never, never, never."

Flanagan's lawyer smiled, took up his hat, tucked his papers under his arm, and looked at his watch. Then he stepped out. The Federal Court building was almost directly across the street. It was just ten o'clock when he entered the courtroom. Judge Parkinson, of the Circuit Court, his old schoolmate and crony, was on the bench. Flanagan's lawyer stepped up to the fore, laid his papers on the table, and, catching the eye of the court, made a low obeisance.

"If your honor please," he began, opening up his bundle, "I have an application of importance——"

He got no further; for at that instant two men approached him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Wait a bit," they said; "we'll fix it up." One of these men was McClenahan. The other was his counsel.

They led him into the corridor. "We'll fix it up," they said nervously.

Late that afternoon Blodgett, the secretary of the Electric Light and Power Company, sat in the office of Mitcheltree, the president. They were laughing heartily.

"I knew," exclaimed the secretary, "that if I gave Townley enough rope he'd hang himself."

"Himself," returned the president; "he hung the whole concern."

The secretary handed over a bulky document. "You'd better read it over," he suggested; "it's the agreement for the organization of the United Gas and Electric Company, of Monroe. It's the thing that we've been fighting for. And, thank Heaven," he added, "it's the thing we've got at last."

Up at his home Flanagan waltzed his wife about the room. "Where's Alderman Sullivan now, Norah," he inquired, "with his two stores and his house and lot!"

His young wife laughed. "You haven't got two stores and a house and lot," she said, "so there."

"I've got the money for to buy them, then," answered the inventor.

Young Mrs. Flanagan tossed her head. "Where is it? Show it to me," she demanded.

There was a knock on the door. A messenger-boy came in. "For Flanagan," he said; "no answer."

Flanagan looked at the envelope. It was from his counsel. He tore it open. There fluttered out a crisp, thin check. Flanagan picked it up and waved it in the air.

"There you are," he said to his wife; "I show it to you now."

Mrs. Flanagan looked at it, and held her peace. The figures on it took her breath away.

When Comp'ny Comes

BY NIXON WATERMAN

When comp'ny comes to our house my pa and ma and all
Us children are so well behaved! We don't talk back nor call
Each other names, but always say, "Yes, ma'am," and "Thank you, sir,"
And ma seems like a stranger, 'most, pa's so polite to her.
Ma fixes all the rocking chairs with tidies spick and span,
And makes the knives and forks and things as shiny as she can.
We all put on our Sunday clothes and look so nice and prim,
And pa, he shaves so clean and smooth you'd hardly know 'twas him!

Before we go to dinner ma she looks around to see
If everything is all fixed up the way it ought to be.
She calls pa to the kitchen, where she shows him all the stuff
And says how much to give each one so's there will be enough.
And then we take our places and we sit up nice and straight,
And none of us can touch a thing but just keep still and wait
For pa to give us something good, and say, oh, jiminy!
Sometimes it seems a thousand years before he gets to me.

One reason I like comp'ny is 'cause ma always makes
So many funny things to eat, and pies and frosted cakes
That folks don't have when they're alone. But pa, he puts on style
Sometimes and just lets on as if we have them all the while.
But still pa's kind of nervous-like as if he's 'fraid he'll do
Some awful thing to worry ma before the dinner's through;
And ma, she keeps a-looking at us children, and you bet,
If we muss up the tablecloth we all know what we'll get!

And when the comp'ny goes away ma drops down in a chair
And draws the longest, deepest breath, and says to pa, "Well, there,
That's over with, thank goodness!" And pa says, "I'm sorry, dear,
A dinner all as nice as that had ought to last a year!"
And ma says, "Do you really s'pose they liked it?" pa says "Sure!
Why, everything was just tip-top! There's no mistake that you're
The finest cook that ever lived!" And then ma slips her hand
Around where pa can reach it, and they seem to understand.

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whether running or standing still

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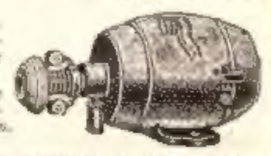

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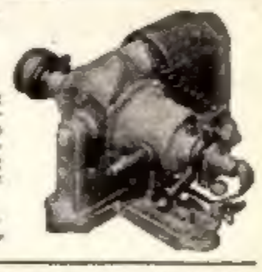

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